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HISTORY OF THE CLAN MACKENZIE,
WITH GENEALOGIES OF THE PRINCIPAL FAMILIES,
BY THE EDITOR.

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[CONTINUED.]

V. MURCHADH NA DROCHAD, or MURDOCH OF THE BRIDGE, so called from the circumstance, as the Laird of Applecross relates, that "his mother, being with child of him, had been saved after a fearful fall from the Bridge of Scotall (Conon Bridge) into the water of Conon." During the early years of his government at least, Murdoch appears to have lived quietly, following the example set him by his father, keeping the laws himself, and compelling those under his jurisdiction to do the same. Nor was such dutiful and loyal conduct allowed long to go unrewarded. At Edinburgh, 1380, a charter is granted in his favour attested by "Willielmo de Douglas, Archibaldo de Galloway, et Joanne Cancellario Scotie." * He was one of the sixteen Highland Chiefs who accompanied the Scots, under James, second Earl of Douglas, to England, and defeated Sir Henry Percy, the renowned Hotspur, at the famous battle of Otterburn. This engagement raged furiously for several hours. Douglas, who wielded a battle-axe with both hands, cut his way into the thickest of the enemy, where, getting separated from his men, he was overcome and mortally wounded. The English were, however, ultimately defeated all along the line. Hotspur and his brother, Sir Ralph Percy, were taken prisoners; and scarcely a single man of note among the English escaped death or captivity. Froissart informs us:—"Of all the battles that have been described in this history, great and small, this was the best fought and the most severe." It is related that in a personal encounter, a few days before the battle, Hotspur lost his pennon, and Douglas boasted in his hearing that he would place it on the tower of his castle of Dalkeith. "That," said Percy, stung to the quick, "shalt thou never do; you shall not even bear it out of Northumberland." "Well," replied Douglas, "your pennon shall this night be placed before my tent; come and win it if you can." The battle of Otterburn three days after was Hotspur's reply to this bold challenge.

* MS. Histories of the family.

This was a turbulent period among the Highlanders. At that time occurred the feuds among the Lochaber and Badenoch tribes which only culminated for a time at the celebrated conflict before King Robert III., in 1396, on the North Inch of Perth; the ferocious and savage cruelties, murders, and spoliations of the "Wolf of Badenoch," and of his son Alexander Stewart, afterwards Earl of Mar. In a desperate encounter between the latter and Sir Walter Ogilvy, Sheriff of Angus, an incident occurred which is preserved by Winton, illustrating, in a ghastly manner, the fierceness of Mar's followers. Sir David Lindsay had run one of them, a powerful and "brawny" man, through the body with a spear and brought him to the ground; but although in the agonies of death, he writhed himself up, and, with the spear sticking in his body, struck Lindsay a desperate blow with his sword, which cut through his stirrup, his boot, and into the bone, after which he instantly expired. We have also the feuds and fights in Sutherlandshire between Mackay of Farr, his son Donald, and the Earl of Sutherland, in which many lives were sacrificed and great depredations were committed on both sides, and which ultimately resulted in the death of Mackay and his son, by the Earl's own hands, in the Castle of Dingwall. Then follows the fearful conflict between Mackay, aided by Alexander Murray of Cubin, against Malcolm Macleod of Lewis, at *Tuiteam Tarbhach*, on the marches between Ross and Sutherland. Great valour was here displayed on both sides, and Sir Robert Gordon describes the conflict as "long, furious, cruel, and doubtful, rather desperate and resolute." Macleod was crushed, himself and all his men slaughtered—only one man escaping to carry back the sorrowful news; and he was so severely wounded that he had scarcely told the sad tale when he expired.

These feuds were followed by the formidable invasion by Donald, Lord of the Isles, which threatened to overturn the Government, and bring about the dismemberment of the Kingdom of Scotland, and which culminated in the memorable battle of Harlaw. We extract the following account of the cause, conduct, and result of this fearful conflict from Brown's "History of the Highlands and Highland Clans":—"The male succession to the Earldom of Ross having become extinct, the honours of the peerage devolved upon a female, Euphemia Ross, wife of Sir Walter Lesley. Of this marriage there were two children—Alexander, afterwards Earl of Ross, and Margaret, afterwards married to the Lord of the Isles. Earl Alexander married a daughter of the Duke of Albany. Euphemia, Countess of Ross, was the only issue of this marriage, but becoming a nun, she resigned the Earldom of Ross in favour of her uncle, John Stewart, Earl of Buchan. The Lord of the Isles conceiving that the Countess, by renouncing the world, had forfeited her title and estate, and moreover, that she had no right to dispose thereof, claimed both in right of Margaret his wife.

The Duke of Albany, Governor of Scotland, at whose instigation the Countess had made the renunciation, of course refused the claim of the prince of the Islands. The Lord of the Isles having formed an alliance with England, whence he was to be supplied with a fleet far superior to the Scottish, at the head of an army of 10,000 men, fully equipped and armed after the fashion of the islands with bows and arrows, pole-axes,

knives, and swords, in 1411 burst like a torrent upon the earldom, and carried everything before him. He, however, received a temporary check at Dingwall, where he was attacked with great impetuosity by Angus Dubh Mackay of Farr, or Black Angus, as he was called ; but Angus was taken prisoner, and his brother Roderick Gallda and many of his men were killed.

Flushed with the progress he had made, Donald now resolved to carry into execution a threat he had often made to burn the town of Aberdeen. For this purpose he ordered his army to assemble at Inverness, and summoned all the men capable of bearing arms in the Boyne and the Enzie to join his standard on his way south. This order being complied with, the Lord of the Isles marched through Moray without opposition. He committed great excesses in Strathbogie, and in the district of Garioch, which belonged to the Earl of Mar. The inhabitants of Aberdeen were in dreadful alarm at the near approach of this marauder and his fierce hordes ; but their fears were allayed by the speedy appearance of a well equipped army, commanded by the Earl of Mar, who bore a high military character, assisted by many brave knights and gentlemen in Angus and the Mearns. Among these were Sir Alexander Ogilvy, sheriff of Angus ; Sir James Scrymgeour, constable of Dundee and hereditary standard-bearer of Scotland ; Sir William de Abernethy of Salton, nephew to the Duke of Albany ; Sir Robert Maule of Panmure, Sir Alexander Irving of Drum, and Sir Robert Melville. The Earl was also joined by Sir Robert Davidson, the Provost of Aberdeen, and a party of the burghesses.

Advancing from Aberdeen, Mar marched by Inverury, and descried the Highlanders stationed at the village of Harlaw, on the water of Ury, near its junction with the Don. Mar soon saw that he had to contend with tremendous odds ; but, although his forces were, it is said, only a tenth of those opposed to him, he resolved, from the confidence he had in his steel-clad knights, to risk a battle. Having placed a small but select body of knights and men-at-arms in front, under the command of the constable of Dundee and the Sheriff of Angus, the Earl drew up the main strength of his army in the rear, including the Murrays, the Straitons, the Maules, the Irvings, the Lesleys, the Lovels, the Stirlings, headed by their respective chiefs. The Earl then placed himself at the head of this body. At the head of the Islesmen and Highlanders was the Lord of the Isles, subordinate to whom were Mackintosh and Maclean, and other Highland chiefs, all bearing the most deadly hatred to their Saxon foes, and panting for revenge.

On a signal being given, the Highlanders and Islesmen, setting up those terrific shouts and yells which they were accustomed to raise on entering into battle, rushed forward upon their opponents ; but they were received with great firmness and bravery by the knights, who, with their spears levelled, and battle-axes raised, cut down many of their impetuous but badly armed adversaries. After the Lowlanders had recovered themselves from the shock which the furious onset of the Highlanders had produced, Sir James Scrymgeour, at the head of the knights and bannerets who fought under him, cut his way through the thick columns of the Islesmen, carrying death everywhere around him ; but the slaughter of hundreds by this brave party did not intimidate the Highlanders, who

kept pouring in by thousands to supply the places of those who had fallen. Surrounded on all sides, no alternative remained for Sir James and his valorous companions but victory or death, and the latter was their lot. The Constable of Dundee was amongst the first who suffered, and his fall so encouraged the Highlanders, that seizing and stabbing the horses, they thus unhorsed their riders, whom they despatched with their daggers. In the meantime the Earl of Mar, who had penetrated with his main army into the very heart of the enemy, kept up the unequal contest with great bravery, and, although he lost during the action almost the whole of his army, he continued the fatal struggle with a handful of men till nightfall. The disastrous result of this battle was one of the greatest misfortunes which had ever happened to the numerous respectable families in Angus and the Mearns. Many of these families lost not only their head, but every male in the house. Lesley of Balquhair is said to have fallen with six of his sons. Besides Sir James Scrymgeour, Sir Alexander Ogilvy, the Sheriff of Angus, with his eldest son, George Ogilvy; Sir Thomas Murray, Sir Robert Maule of Panmure, Sir Alexander Irving of Drum, Sir William Abernethy of Salton, Sir Alexander Straiton of Lauriston, James Lovel, Alexander Stirling, and Sir Robert Davidson, Provost of Aberdeen, with 500 men-at-arms, including the principal gentry of Buchan, and the greater part of the burghesses of Aberdeen, who followed their Provost, were among the slain. The Highlanders left 900 men dead on the field of battle, including the Chiefs of Maclean and Mackintosh. This memorable battle was fought on the eve of the feast of St James the Apostle, July 25th, 1411. It was the final contest for supremacy between the Celt and the Teuton, and appears to have made at the time an inconceivably deep impression on the national mind.

For more than a hundred years, it is said, the Battle of Harlaw continued to be fought over again by school boys in their play.

It fixed itself in the music and poetry of Scotland; a march, called the "Battle of Harlaw," continued to be a popular air down to the time of Drummond of Hawthornden, and a spirited ballad, on the same event, is still repeated in our age, describing the meeting of the armies, and the deaths of the chiefs, in no ignoble strain.*

Mar and the few brave companions in arms who survived the battle, passed the night on the field; when morning dawned they found that the Lord of the Isles had retreated during the night, by Inverury and the hill of Benochy. To pursue him was impossible, and he was therefore allowed to retire without molestation, and to recruit his exhausted strength.

As soon as the news of the disaster at Harlaw reached the ears of the Duke of Albany, then Regent of Scotland, he set about collecting an army, with which he marched in person to the north in autumn, with a

* We have also that famous poem, "The War Song, by Lachlan Mor MacMhuirich, to Donald of the Isles, King of the Isles, and Earl of Ross, on the day of the Field of Harlaw," composed to excite the enthusiasm of the Highlanders at that famous battle. There are, in alphabetical order, lines beginning with every letter in the Gaelic alphabet, except the letter H—the poem altogether consisting of three hundred and thirty-eight lines, each letter being exhausted in its order, some of them having forty alliteratives, and the whole forming a chain of epithets so copious, but so pointed and incisive, as to excite astonishment and admiration. This poem will be found, most appropriately, the first in Stewart's collection, published in 1804, and now very rare. It should be studied by those who maintain that the Gaelic language is of limited compass.

determination to bring the Lord of the Isles to obedience. Having taken possession of the Castle of Dingwall, he appointed a governor, and from thence proceeded to recover the whole of Ross. Donald retreated before him, and took up his winter quarters in the islands. Hostilities were renewed next summer, but the contest was not long or doubtful—notwithstanding some little advantages obtained by the King of the Isles—for he was compelled to give up his claim to the Earldom of Ross, to become a vassal to the Scottish crown, and to deliver hostages to secure his future good behaviour.

Murdoch Mackenzie must have felt pretty secure in his stronghold of Eilean Donnan, and must have been a man of great prudence, sagacity, and force of character, when, in spite of all the solicitations of his Superior—the Lord of the Isles—to support him in these unlawful and rebellious proceedings against his King, and threats in case of refusal, he manfully and resolutely refused to join him in his desperate and treasonable adventures; at the same time informing him that, even were his claims just in themselves, they would not justify him in rising against the existing Government; and, independently of that important consideration, he boldly told his chief that he felt no great incentive to aid in the cause of the representative of the murderer of his grandfather. Mackenzie was one of those prudent and loyal chiefs who kept at home in the Highlands, looking after his own affairs, the comfort of his followers, and laying a solid foundation for the future prosperity of his house, “which was so characteristic of them that they,” as one authority informs us, “always esteemed the authority of the magistrate as an inviolable obligation.”

The Macraes were always on the best terms of friendship with the Mackenzies—were, indeed, from the aid they always afforded them, known as “Mackenzie’s shirt.” They originally came from Clunes, on the territory of the Frasers of Lovat, under the following circumstances:—“One of the brothers went to Braeros and lived at Brahan, where there is a piece of land called Knock Vic Ra, and the spring well which affords water to the Castle is called Tober Vic Ra. . . . Other two of MacRa’s sons, elder than the above, went off from Clunes several ways; one is said to have gone to Argyleshire and another to Kintail. In the meantime their father remained at Clunes all his days, and had four Lord Frasers of Lovat fostered in his house. He that went to Argyle, according to our tradition, married the heiress of Craignish, and on that account took the surname of Campbell. The other brother who went to Kintail, earnestly invited and encouraged by Mackenzie, who then had no kindred of his own blood, *the first six Barons, or Lords of Kintail, having but one lawful son to succeed the father*, hoping that the MacRas, by reason of their relation, as being originally descended from the same race . . . would prove more faithful than others, wherein he was not disappointed, for the MacRas of Kintail served him and his successors very faithfully in every quarrel they had with neighbouring clans, and by their industry, blood, and courage, have been instrumental in raising that family.”* The statement here made respecting the succession of the Mackenzies is certainly

* Genealogical Account of the MacRas, by John MacRa, minister of Dingwall, who died in 1704,

remarkable, but it is borne out by every genealogy of the House of Kintail we have hitherto seen. There is no trace of any other children during the first six generations, beyond the immediately succeeding Chief.

Murdoch married Finguala, daughter of Malcolm Macleod of Harris, by his wife Martha, daughter of Donald, Earl of Mar, and nephew of King Robert the Bruce. By this marriage the royal blood of the Bruce was introduced into the family of Kintail, as also that of the ancient Kings of Man. Norman, third son of Olaus, King of Man, married Finguala MacCrotan, the daughter of an Irish Chief. She bore to him Malcolm Macleod of Harris, whose daughter had now become the wife of Murdoch Mackenzie, and the mother of *Alastair Ionraic*, who carries on the succession of the ancient line of MacKenneth. Murdoch died at Achilty about 1416, leaving issue, an only son and successor.

VI. ALASTAIR IONRAIC, or ALEXANDER the UPRIGHT—so called “for his righteousness.” He was among those western barons summoned to meet King James I. at Inverness in 1427, who, immediately on his return from his long captivity in England, in 1424, determined to put down the rebellion and oppression which was then, and for some time previously, so rampant in the Highlands. In a Parliament held at Perth on the 30th September 1426, James exhibited a foresight and appreciation of the conduct of the lairds in those days, and passed laws, which might with good effect, and with equal propriety, be applied to the state of matters in our own. In that Parliament an Act was passed which, among other things, ordained that, north of the Grampians, the fruit of those lands should be expended in the country where those lands lie. The Act is as follows* :—“It is ordanit be the King ande the Parliament that everilk lorde hafande landis bezonde the mownthe (the Grampians) in the quhilk landis in auld tymes there was castellis, fortalyces, and manerplaicis, big, reparell, and reforme their castellis and maneris, and duell in thame, be thameself or be ane of thare frendis for the gracious gournall of thar landis, be gude polising and to expende ye fruyt of thar landis in the countree where thar landis lya.”

James was determined to bring the Highlanders to submission, and Fordun relates a characteristic anecdote in which the King pointedly expressed this determination. When these excesses were first reported to him by one of his nobles, on entering the kingdom, he thus expressed himself :—“Let God but grant me life, and there shall not be a spot in my dominions where the key shall not keep the castle, and the furze bush the cow, though I myself should lead the life of a dog to accomplish it”; and it was in this frame of mind that he determined to visit Inverness in 1427 or 1428,† to establish good government and order in the Highlands, then in such a deplorable state of insubordination, that neither life nor property was secure. The principal chiefs, on his order or invitation, met him there, from what motives it is impossible to determine—whether hoping for a reconciliation by a ready compliance with the royal will, or from a dread, in case of refusal, to suffer the fate of the southern barons, who

* Invernessiana, p. 102.

† Fordun gives the date as 1427, the History of the Mackintoshes as 1428.

had already fallen victims to his Majesty's severity. The order was, however, obeyed, and they all repaired to meet him at the Castle of Inverness. As they entered the hall, however, where the Parliament was sitting, they were, one by one, by order of the King, arrested, ironed, and imprisoned in different apartments, and debarred from having any communications the one with the other, or with their followers. Fordun informs us that James exhibited marks of great joy as these turbulent and haughty spirits, caught in the toils which he had prepared for them, came within the clutches of his regal power, and, according to this authority, he "caused to be arrested Alexander of the Isles, and his mother, Countess of Ross, daughter and heiress of Sir Walter Lesley, as well as the more notable men of the north, each of whom he wisely invited singly to the Castle, and caused to be put in strict confinement apart. There he also arrested Angus Duff (Angus Dubh Mackay) with his four sons, the leader of 4000 men from Strathnarven (Strathnaver). Kenneth More, with his son-in-law, leader of two thousand men;* John Ross, William Lesley, Angus de Moravia, and Macmaken, leaders of two thousand men; and also other lawless caterans and great captains in proportion, to the number of about fifty. Alexander Makgorrie (MacGodfrey) of Garmoran, and John Macarthur (of the family of Campbell), a great chief among his own clan, and the leader of a thousand and more, were convicted, and, being adjudged to death were beheaded. Then James Campbell was hanged, being accused and convicted of the slaughter of John of the Isles (John Mor, first of the Macdonalds of Isla). The rest were sent here and there to the different castles of the noblemen throughout the kingdom, and were afterwards condemned to different kinds of death, and some were set at liberty." Among the latter was Alexander of Kintail. The King sent him, who was then quite a youth, to the High School at Perth, which was then the principal literary seminary in the kingdom, while Perth was frequently the seat of the Court. During young Kintail's absence, it appears that his three bastard uncles were ravaging the district of Kenlochewe, for we find that, insulting and troubling "MacKenzie's tenants in Kenlochewe and Kintail, Macaulay, who was then Constable in Islandonan, not thinking it proper to leave his post, proposed Finlay Dubh Mac Gillechriost as the fittest person to be sent to Saint Johnston, now Perth, and by general consent he accordingly went to inform his young master, who was then there with the rest of the King's ward children at school, of his Lordship's tenants being imposed on as above, which, with Finlay's remonstrance on the subject, prevailed on Alexander, his young master, to come home, and being backed with all the assistance Finlay could command, soon brought his three bastard uncles to condign punishment."†

The young Lord of the Isles was at the same time sent to Edinburgh, from which he soon afterwards escaped to the North, at the instigation of the old Countess, raised his vassals, and joined by all the outlaws and

* All writers on the Clan Mackenzie have hitherto claimed this Kenneth More as their Chief, and argued from the above that the Chief of Mackenzie had a following of two thousand fighting men in 1427. It will be seen that Alexander was Chief at this time, but Kenneth More may have been intended for MacKenneth More, or the Great Mackenzie.

† Genealogical Account of the Macrae.

vagabonds in the country, numbering about ten thousand, and with this formidable body, he laid waste the country, plundered and devastated the crown lands, against which his vengeance was specially directed, razed the royal burgh of Inverness to the ground, pillaging and burning the houses, and perpetrating all sorts of cruelties, after which he besieged the Castle, unsuccessfully, however, and then retired precipitately towards Lochaber, where he was met by the King's forces, commanded by His Majesty in person. Alexander prepared for battle, but he had the mortification to notice the desertion of those of Clan Chattan and Clan Cameron who had previously joined him, and to see them going over to the Royal standard. The King immediately attacked him, and completely routed his whole army, while he himself sought safety in flight. He was vigorously pursued, and finding escape or concealment equally impossible, and being reduced to the utmost distress, hunted from place to place by his vigilant pursuers, the haughty chief, who had always considered himself on a level with kings, resolved to throw himself entirely on the mercy of His Majesty, and finding his way to Edinburgh in the most secret manner, and on the occasion of a solemn festival on Easter Sunday, in 1429, at Holyrood, he suddenly appeared in his shirt and drawers before the King and Queen, surrounded by all the nobles of the Court, while they were engaged in their devotions before the High Altar, and implored, on his knees, with a naked sword held by the point in his hand, the forgiveness of his sovereign. With bonnet in hand, his legs and arms quite bare, his body covered only with a plaid, and in token of absolute submission, he offered his sword to the King. This picture, coupled with the solicitations of the afflicted Queen and all the nobles, made such an impression on His Majesty that he had to submit completely to the promptings of his heart, against the wiser and more prudent dictates of his better judgment. He accepted the sword offered him, and spared the life of his captive, but at once committed him to Tantallon Castle, under the charge of William Douglas, Earl of Angus. The spirit of his followers, however, could not brook this mortal offence, and the whole strength of the Clan was mustered under Donald Balloch, a cousin of the Lord of the Isles. They were led to Lochaber, where they met the King's forces, under the Earls of Mar and Caithness, killed the latter, gained a complete victory over the Royal forces, and returned to the Isles in triumph, with a great quantity of spoil. James again came north in person as far as Dunstaffnage, Donald Balloch fled to Ireland, and, after several encounters with the rebels, the King received the submission of most of the chiefs who were engaged in the rebellion, and others were apprehended and executed to the number of about three hundred, after which he released his prisoner from Tantallon Castle, and granted him a free pardon for all his rebellious acts, confirmed him in all his titles and possessions, and further conferred upon him the Lordship of Lochaber, which had previously, on its forfeiture, been granted to the Earl of Mar.

After the first escape of the Lord of the Isles from Edinburgh, when he again raised the standard of rebellion in 1429, on which occasion he burnt the town of Inverness, we find that the Baron of Kintail was at the time attending to his duties at Court, but was recalled by his followers, who, armed for the King, and led by their young Chief on

his return home, materially aided in the overthrow of Alexander of the Isles, at the same time securing peace and good government in his own extensive domains, and among most of the surrounding tribes. We also find him actively supporting the King, and fighting with the Royal army during the turbulent rule of John, successor to Alexander, Lord of the Isles, who afterwards died in peace with his sovereign in 1447. James I. died in 1460, and was succeeded by James II. When, in 1462, the Earl of Douglas, the Lord of the Isles, and Donald Balloch of Isla entered into a treaty with the King of England for the subjugation of Scotland, on condition, in the event of success, that the whole of Scotland, north of the Firth of Forth, would be divided between them, Alexander Mackenzie stood firm in the interest of the ruling monarch, and with such success that nothing came of this extraordinary compact. We soon after find him rewarded by a charter in his favour, dated 7th January 1463, confirming him in his lands of Kintail, with a further grant of the "5 merk lands of Killin, the lands of Garve, and the 2 merk lands of Coryvulzie, with the three merk lands of Kinlochluichart, and 2 merk lands of Achana-Clerich, the 2 merk lands of Garbat, the 2 merk lands of Delintan, the 4 merk lands of Tarvie, all lying within the shire and Earldom of Ross, to be holden of the said John and his successors, Earls of Ross."

Alexander continued to use his great influence at Court, as also with John, Lord of the Isles, with a view to bring about a reconciliation during the rebellion of Angus Og against his father. The King, however, proved inexorable, and refused to treat with this chronic rebel on any other condition than the absolute and unconditional surrender of the Earldom of Ross to the Crown, of whom, however, he might hold his other possessions in future. These conditions he refused, again flew to arms, and invaded Moray in 1376, but finding he could offer no effectual resistance to the powerful forces sent against him by the King, he, by the seasonable grants of the lands of Knapdale and Kintyre, secured the influence of Argyle in his favour, and with the additional influence of Kintail, procured remission of his past offences on the conditions already stated; and resigning for ever in 1476 the Earldom of Ross to the Crown, he "was infest of new" in the Lordship of the Isles and the other possessions which he had not been called upon to renounce. The Earldom was irrevocably annexed to the Crown in the 9th Parliament of James III. in the same year, where the title and the honours still remain, held by the Prince of Wales. The great services rendered by the Baron of Kintail to the reigning family, especially during these negotiations, and throughout his long rule at Eileandonnán generally, were recognised by a charter from the Crown, dated Edinburgh, November 1476, of the lands renounced by the Earl of Ross, viz., Strathcounan, Strathbran, and Strathgarve, and after this the Barons of Kintail held their lands independently of any superior but the Crown.

During the disputes between the Earl of Ross and Mackenzie none was more zealous in the cause of the Island Chief than Allan of Mcydart, who made several raids into Kintail, ravaged the country, and carried away large numbers of cattle. After the forfeiture of the Earldom of Ross, Allan's youngest brother, supported by a faction of the tenantry rebelled against his elder brother, and possessed himself for a time of the

Moydart estate. John of the Isles was unwilling to appear so soon in these broils ; or, perhaps, favoured the pretensions of the younger brother, and refused to give any assistance to Allan, who, however, hit upon a device as bold as it ultimately proved successful. He started for Kinellan, "being ane ile in ane loch," where Alexander resided at the time, and presented himself personally before his old enemy, who was naturally much surprised to receive a visit from such an enemy, and from one to whom he had never been reconciled. Allan coolly related how he had been oppressed by his own brother and his nearest friends, and how he had been refused aid from those from whom he had a right to expect it. In these desperate circumstances he thought it best to apply to his greatest enemy, who perhaps might in return gain as faithful a friend as he had previously been his "diligent adversary." Alexander, on hearing the story, was moved by the manner in which Allan had been oppressed by his own immediate relatives, promised him support, went in person with a sufficient force to repossess him, and finally accomplished his purpose. The other party at once represented to the King that Alexander Mackenzie invaded their territory as a "disturber of the peace, and an oppressor," whereupon he was cited before His Majesty at Edinburgh, "but here was occasion given to Allan to requite Alexander's generosity, for Alexander having raised armies to assist him, without commission, he found in it a transgression of the law, though just upon the matter ; so to prevent Alexander's prejudice, he presently went to Holyrood House, where the King was, and being of a bold temper, did truly relate how his and Alexander's affairs stood, showing withal that he, as being the occasion of it, was ready to suffer what law would exact rather than to expose so generous a friend to any hazard. King James was so taken with their reciprocal heroisms, that he not only forgave, but allowed Alexander, and of new confirmed Allan in the lands of Moydart."*

A desperate skirmish, which took place some time previous to this, at a place called Bealach na Broige, "betwixt the heights of Fearann Donuil and Lochbraon" (Dundonald and Lochbroom), was brought about by some of Kintail's vassals, instigated by Donald Garbh M'Iver attempting to seize the Earl of Ross, but the plot having been discovered, MacIver was seized by the Lord of the Isles' followers, and imprisoned in Dingwall. He was soon released, however, by his undaunted countrymen from Kenlochewe, consisting of Macivers, MacIennans, Macaulays, and Macleays, who, by way of reprisal, pursued and seized the Earl's second son, Alexander, at Balnagown, and carried him along with them. His father, Earl John, at once apprised the Lord Lovat, who was then His Majesty's Lieutenant in the North, of the illegal seizure of his son, and he at once dispatched northward two hundred men, who, joined by Ross's vassals, the Monroes of Fowlis, and the Dingwalls of Kildun, pursued and overtook the western tribes at Bealach na Broige, where they were resting themselves. A most desperate and bloody conflict ensued, aggravated and exasperated by a keen and bitter recollection of ancient feuds and animosities. The Kenlochewe men seem to have been almost extirpated. The race of Dingwall were actually extinguished, one hundred and forty of their men having

* The Earl of Cromartie's MS. History of the Mackenzies.

been slain, and the family of Fowlis lost eleven members of their house alone, with many of the leading men of their clan.* No authority has ever identified the Baron of Kintail, or Clann Choinnich, with this deadly skirmish, and it is quite evident from this that the Clan Tarlich, or Macleennans, and the Macraes, although usually following the banner of the Mackenzies, were at that time independent septs. It also points to a reversion of ancient animosities between those tribes from the west, and those of Brae Ross, in the east, with which the personal followers of the Chief of Clan Kenneth could have had nothing to do; and besides, by all accounts, Alexander of Kintail was absent from home attending to his duties at Court, attempting a reconciliation between the King and the Earl of Ross; and, even if at home, he was usually found more zealous and successful in the past in suppressing such disturbances of the King's peace than in fomenting them.

There has been a considerable difference of opinion as to the date of this desperate encounter, but it is now finally set at rest by the discovery of a positive date in the Fowlis papers, where it is said that "George, the IV. Laird, and his son, begotten on Balnagown's daughter, were killed at the conflict of Beallach na Brog, in the year 1452, and Dingwall of Kildun, with several or their friends and followers, in taking back the Earl of Ross's second son from Clan Iver, Clan Tarlich or Macleennans, and Clan Leod."†

Angus Og, after many bloody conflicts with his father, finally overthrew him at the battle of the Bloody Bay,‡ at Ardnamurchan, obtained possession of all the extensive territories of his clan, and was recognised as its legitimate head. He was now determined to punish Mackenzie for having taken his father's part at Court, and otherwise, during the rebellion, and swore that he would recover from him the great possessions which originally belonged to his predecessors, the Lords of the Isles, but now secured by Royal charter to the Baron of Kintail. With this view he marched to attack him, and made for Inverness, where he expected to meet the now aged Mackenzie returning from his attendance at Court. He, however, reckoned without his host, and instead of killing Mackenzie, he was himself assassinated by an Irish harper. This foul, but well-merited, tragic close to such a diabolical career, is recorded in the "Red Book" of Clanranald as follows:—"Donald, the son of Angus that was killed at Inverness by his own harper, son of John of the Isles, son of Alexander, son of Donald, son of John, son of Angus Og." This must have occurred about 1485. Alexander was the first who lived at Kinellan, while he had Brahan as a "maines," or farm, both of which his successors held from the King for a yearly rent until Kenneth feued Brahan and Colin, his son, feued Kinellan. The Earl of Sutherland had shown many

* "Among the rest ther wer slain eleven Monroes of the House of Foulls, that wer to succeed one after another; so that the succession of Foulls fell unto a chyld then lying in his cradle."—*Sir Robert Gordon's History of the Earldom of Sutherland*, p. 36.

† The Earl of Cromarty gives a different version, and says that the battle or skirmish took place in the year immediately after the Battle of Harlaw. In this he is manifestly incorrect. The Highlanders to defend themselves from the arrows of their enemies, with their belts tied their shoes on their breasts, hence the name "Bealach nam Brog," or the Pass of the Shoes.

‡ Tobermory.

kindnesses to Mackenzie, whom he appointed as his deputy in the management of the Earldom of Ross. On one occasion, the Earl of Sutherland being in the south at Court, the Strathnaver men and the men of the Braes of Caithness took the opportunity to invade Sutherland. Their intention soon spread abroad, and reached the ears of the Chief of Kintail, who at once, with a party of six hundred men, passed into Sutherland, and the Earl's followers joining him, he defeated the invaders, killed many of them, forced the remainder to sue for peace, and compelled them to give substantial security for their peaceful conduct in future. "At this time he begat, on a gentlewoman in Sutherland, a son who was called Dougall; and the Earl of Sutherland, in kindness to his father, caused him to be carefully educated, and he profited so in letters that he was made Prior of Beaulieu by the Pope, and is yet memorable for prudence and piety in the records of that Priory. He repaired the Church of Beaulieu, enlarging it with a south aisle . . . in which Priory Dougall lies buried in a tomb built by his own directions.*

Kintail was now a very old man. His prudence and sagacity well repaid the judicious patronage of the First King James, confirmed and extended by his successors on the throne, and, as has been well said of him by his biographer, secured to him "the love and respect of three Princes in whose reign he flourished, and as his prudent management in the affairs of the Earldom of Ross, showed him to be a man of good natural parts, so it very much contributed to the advancement of the interest of his family by the acquisition of the lands he thereby made; nor was he less commendable for the quiet and peace he kept among his Highlanders, putting the laws punctually in execution against all delinquents." Such a character as this, justly called Alastair Ionraic, or the Just, was certainly well fitted to govern, and deserved to flourish, in the age in which he lived. Various important events occurred in his latter years, but as Kenneth, his son and successor, was the actual leader of the Clan for many years before his father's death, and especially at the celebrated Battle of Park, we shall record them under the next heading.

Alexander died at Kinellan, in 1488, about ninety years of age, and was buried in Beaulieu Priory. He was twice married—first to Anne, daughter of Macdougall of Dunolly, and secondly to Margaret, daughter of Macdougall of Morar, a relative of Dunolly. He had also, as already mentioned, a natural son, who was superior of, and repaired, the Priory of Beaulieu, about 1478, where he is buried.† By his first wife he had a son, Kenneth, who succeeded him, and Duncan, from whom descended the families of Hilton and Loggie. By the second marriage he had a son, Hector, known among the Highlanders as Hector Roy, or *Eachainn Ruadh*, from whom is descended the House of Gairloch, and of whom more hereafter. Alexander was succeeded by his eldest son by the first marriage.

(To be Continued.)

A PORTRAIT OF WILLIAM ALLAN, with a Biographical Sketch by the Rev. George Gilfillan, will appear in our next.

* Earl of Cromartie's MS. History of the Mackenzies.

† Anderson's Historical Account of the Family of Fraser, p. 66, and MS. History of the Mackenzies.

THE DOOM OF DUNOLLY.

BY WILLIAM ALLAN.

VII.

MACDOUGALL'S chieftain breast with anger burned,
 And swiftly on the foe he fiercely turned,
 But ere he could his sudden stroke bestow,
 A readier sword met the descending blow.
 'Twas nimble Hector's, on whose features played
 A smile of triumph, as he quickly weighed
 The issues of a fight with Lorn's dread lord,
 Who now had raised his yet untarnished sword,
 Then backward drew a pace, then scowling glared
 Upon the half-clad youth who thus had dared
 To thwart his onset, and to turn aside
 The blade that had the Royal Bruce defied.*
 With sudden bound he on the stripling dashed,
 Whose quicker weapon like a sunbeam flashed,
 And kissed with joy Macdougall's baffled steel,
 Which now, for once, an equal match did feel.
 His groaning clansmen roused his ireful heart,
 Again on Hector did he fiercely dart,
 To be repelled with skilful blow or guard,
 And backward hurled upon the trampled sword.
 Ill could he brook defiance thus disclosed,
 And with the youth in deadly conflict closed ;
 Now rung their blows upon each guardian shield,
 And rugged dents their angry might revealed.
 With equal skill the contest wildly raged,
 Each knew a worthy foe he had engaged,
 Tho' round them played the steely gleams of death,
 They thrust and struck with unabated breath.
 Each lightning eye was fixt, each sparkling gleamed,
 Each marked the point where an advantage seemed,
 And as each willing blade the opening sought,
 The sudden guard made sudden efforts nought ;
 And vict'ry, wav'ring 'tween such sons of fame,
 Withheld the laurels that each well could claim ;
 Till youthful Hector's unabated strength
 Proclaimed him victor in the fight at length,
 For fast Macdougall's furious ire decayed,
 And feeble blows his waning pow'rs betrayed—
 Pale grew his face, his watchful eyes grew dim,
 Less swift to guard, he shook in every limb,

* The Macdougalls defeated Bruce in the battle of Dalree, at the head of Loch Tay. One of the Macdougalls seized the King by the plaid, which was fixed across his breast by a large brooch. The King killed his assailant, but left the plaid and brooch in the grasp of the clansman. His brooch was long kept in the family of the Macdougalls. I may here ask where is it now?

Fast heaved his breast with ever less'ning breath—
And as he struck he reeled upon the heath.
Defeat's dark demon raged within him now,
Its with'ring shade sat scowling on his brow,
And fanned the feeble flame of hope in vain,
Which mocked the hero as his strength did wane ;
But Hector, tireless still, the conflict sought,
And by a subtle cut Macdougall smote
Upon the sword arm, which all pow'rless hung,
Then fell the blade which he in valour swung ;
Triumphant o'er his foe young Hector stood,
Nor sought he now to shed defenceless blood.
"Yield thee, Macdougall, yield !" he hoarsely cried.
"And who art thou, bold youth?" the Chief replied.
"Hector Maclean, of an illustrious line !
Yield thee, Macdougall, now thy life is mine ;
Behold thy clansmen unto these succumb,
To foil aggression, see, our kinsmen come !
Back to their galleys now thy men will be
Driv'n with the vengeance born of victory !"
Now rushed Macleans along the grassy fields,
And loudly struck their swords upon their shields,
With wild impetuosity they sought
The ridge whereon their dauntless kinsmen fought,
Nor checked their speed, but thro' the thin rank dashed,
And on the foe with headlong fury crashed,
Who shivered, fled across the sands, and sought
Safety on board their galleys still afloat.
Out from the bay with terror's speed they drew,
While in their midst thick showers of arrows flew ;
Eastward they sped with fav'ring tide and wind,
And left their wounded and their Chief behind,
Who, 'midst a throng of savage Islesmen, stood
Unmoved, tho' clam'ring for his dastard blood,
Till Hector spoke, then hushed was every voice—
"Clansmen, Macdougall's fate must be my choice ;
He nobly fought in his unrighteous cause,
We triumph best when ruled by Honour's laws ;
No deed of wanton blood shall stain our name,
Untarnished vict'ry is our highest fame.
Macdougall's Chief, thy life I now bestow,
Back to Dunolly, vanquished, thou must go ;
Be thou the bearer of thy wounded men,
And war no more unjustly 'gainst Maclean."
The gen'rous impulse filled the silent band,
Who loved the virtue in their Chief's command ;
With tender grasp the dying and the dead
Within a galley were devoutly laid,
The wounded next fraternal care received—
Such love from foes their hearts had ne'er conceived.

When all were placed, between the conqu'ring clan
Macdougall marched, a stern and gloomy man,
And as he, frowning, slowly stepped on board,
Hector, with princely grace returned his sword.
The proffered gift with haughty grasp he took,
And thanked the donor with a threatening look ;
Then, as the blood-fraught galley seaward drew,
He kissed the blade, and waved its dark adieu !
Undying hatred, and revenge combined,
Stood warders at the portals of his mind,
And filled his heart with their demoniac fire,
Till the strange madness of their one desire
Reigned as the lord of his embittered life,
And chained him slave unto its fearful strife.
The visions of his hate-disturbed brain
Were bloody spectres muttering " Maclean !"
In horror's dreams he saw a ghastly train,
That, passing, whispered in his ear, " Maclean !"
Lone on Dunolly's ramparts every day
His restless eyes were fixed on Duart's bay ;
No light of joy illumed his breast elate,
His life was now unfathomable hate.
His lovely daughter's smiles had lost their charm,
Her soothing voice no more his heart could warm,
Her constant fondnesses, her tears, her sighs,
Changed not the fierce gleam of his loveless eyes,
Macdougall knew not that ere long her love
Would of his conqueror the conqueror prove ;
Decreed by Heav'n to meet her father's foe,
They loved, 'twas death, their death her father's woe.

VIII.

Bewitching, mild-eyed Nature bright,
Woke when her misty veil of night
Had left her vernal bosom bare,
And vanished in the sun-souled air.
The lark had risen from its nest,
The deer had sought the mountain crest,
The sea had lost its nightly hue,
The flowers had parted from their dew,
The streamlets poured their wanton lays,
The lambkins frisked upon the braes,
The hinds had yoked their oaken ploughs,
The rosy maids had milked the cows,
The clouds, in smiling beauty high,
Sailed o'er the blue deeps of the sky,
When from her sudden slumber yoke,
Macdougall's dark-haired daughter woke,
And gazed around the chamber strange,
While Memory, with contracted range,

From dreamy retrospection sought
The flickering truths of dawning thought
That ushered in with stern delight,
The horrors of the former night.
Then ope'd the door and forward came
A stately, gentle-featured dame,
Whose mother-looks, and smiles, and voice,
Were such as made the heart rejoice.
The wakeful maid she fond caressed,
And hugged her to her joyous breast ;
She kissed her cheek, and kissed her brow,
And welcomed her awakening now—
“ Daughter of warriors,” she said,
“ I joy to find my care repaid.”
Dunolly's maid, half-rising, sighed,
And strove the welling tears to hide,
Her eyes beamed thro' her love's surfeit,
Her voice was tremulously sweet.
“ Tell me, good mother, tell me true,
To whom my life and thanks are due ?
Where am I now ? Whose home is this,
Where dwells such Christian tenderness ? ”
“ Child of the waves ! calm the unrest
That lingers in thy anxious breast,
Within our bosoms kindness reigns,
Know we are friends although Macleans.
My Hector was by Heaven decreed
To save thee in thy hour of need ;
Start not ! no harm to thee will come,
Our clansmen will convey thee home
Unto Dunolly's warrior lord—
His daughter will be safe restored.”
The tearful maiden warmly kissed
The Chieftain-mother, whom she blessed,
Then from her couch she lightly rose
At peace, though in the halls of those
'Gainst whom her father erstwhile fought,
On whom his ire was still unwrought.
The morn's repast was quickly spread,
And by the Chieftain's lady led,
The blushing maiden entered then
The hall where sate the Chief, Maclean,
Who rose and gave, with kindly smiles,
A lordly welcome to the Isles.
His hair, touched by Time's silvern spell,
Adown his shoulders streaming fell ;
Of kindred hue his flowing beard
In snowy, furrowed waves appeared,
And gave a charm unto his face,
Which glowed with patriarchal grace

His eyes beamed with the soul repose
Which years of happiness disclose ;
His broad brow showed in sundry scars
The valour emblems of his wars ;
His countenance was calm, benign,
His smile was fatherly, divine.
Of stalwart mien unbowed by years,
His voice dispelled the maiden's fears,
And as she heard his gentle tone,
She gazed with reverence upon
The hoary Chief, the Island lord,
Who welcomed her unto his board.
Ere seated round the table all,
Young Hector strode into the hall,
One hurried bow he gave the maid,
Whose simultaneous glance betrayed,
The strange confusion, unexpressed,
Which bodes a maiden's feelings best,
As on her saviour she gazed
Love's tumult in her bosom blazed,
Her meed of thanks refused to come,
Her eyes spoke now, her lips were dumb.
She heard of Hector as of one,
Blood-thirsty, cruel, scarce a man,
Who drove her father from the shore,
In battle, nigh two months before ;
Her father's ire she deemed unjust,
She saw in Hector one to trust.
As Hector gazed upon the maid,
His heart from every theme was swayed,
His morning meal before him lay
Untouched, save in a listless way,
A feast of fire o'erfilled him now,
He knew not why, he felt not how.
With truthful eye the Chief divined
The thoughts that racked the maiden's mind,
And ere the simple meal was o'er,
He sent his henchman to the shore
To launch his boat, to bend the sail,
To spread his banner to the gale.
" Sweet Maid of Lorn, thou must away,
Though welcome here, thou must not stay ;
Thy fathers grief none can reveal,
Thou can'st alone his anguish heal ;
Hector shall steer thee o'er the sea,
And thy deliverer shall be.
Adieu, sweet maid, our prayers are thine,
May future joys around thee shine ! "

(To be Continued.)

A CURIOUS LOVE ADVENTURE.

THE old saying that "facts are stranger than fiction" has seldom been more curiously confirmed than by incidents related in a tradition current in Skye and Lews, forty years ago, and probably so at the present time.

Many years ago a young seafaring man, named Donald Macleod, a native of the Lews, married a young girl belonging to the little sea-port town of Stornoway. He owned a small sloop, with which he made provision for his young wife by trading with the neighbouring coast and Islands.

A child was born to Donald, a boy, whom he called Murdoch. Things went fair enough with the young couple till little Murdoch was four years of age, when his father was lost in a storm which overtook him returning from one of his trips, and swamped his boat. This sad calamity was a heavy blow to the young mother; but after a while, when she came to realise her now altered position, she wisely considered that giving way to unavailing grief at her great loss would only incapacitate her for performing the other duties and tender cares still devolving upon her. She had now her boy dependant upon her unaided efforts, and, to her credit, she resolved not to sink under the burden. Her late husband had saved a little money, with which, and a little aid from friends who sympathised with her, she started a small shop in the town, which, with care and frugality, ultimately proved sufficient to keep them in ordinary comfort, independent of all outside help. When her son arrived at a suitable age, he was sent to the parish school, at which he continued till he was thirteen. He was then taken into a small shipping office, where, after a time, he obtained a seat at the desk as an embryo clerk. Young Murdoch was of a lively, hearty, and a rather romantic turn of mind, and very fond of such sports and games generally engaged in by boys of his age. It was remarked of him, that whatever idea took hold of his fancy, he would go through it with all the ardour of his young mind, and yet in none of the sports in which he was sure to be the leading spirit, did he ever allow himself or any of his companions to conduct them so as to annoy or injure a neighbour. Of all his hobbies, that of dancing was his chief enjoyment. Such proficiency did he attain to in this accomplishment that he was known far and wide in the district as *Murchadh Dunsair*, or Dancing Murdoch. It was a frequent occurrence, that when any of the better class families had a party of young people, Murdoch was invited to lead them in the dance. Notwithstanding his duties during office hours were honestly attended to, he did not neglect to improve and extend what knowledge he had acquired at school. In this little office he continued till he was 17. By this time he began to wish for a more extended knowledge of the commercial world, which could only be obtained in the south. Knowing that his mother had a relative employed in a large mercantile establishment in Liverpool, he got her consent to write to him, asking his aid in procuring a situation. He, in due course, received a reply, inviting him to go to Liverpool. Our young hero soon got his traps in order, and, full of bright dreams of the future, he set off in due time, and landed safely in the great mart of commercial enterprise, where

his relative soon procured him a situation as junior clerk in a large shipping office. Murdoch, by diligence and close attention to whatever he was asked to perform, soon felt himself at home in his new situation. When there a few months, his aptitude and willingness to make himself useful, drew the attention of his superiors towards him. In about a year he was gradually advanced, step by step, till at the end of the fourth year he was one of the most trusted of his class in the establishment.

He frequently had to be at the docks on business with foreign shipping, and one day, while walking along a tier of large vessels, the figure-head of one of them attracting his attention, he stood still gazing at it. He knew perfectly well that it was only a painted block of wood cut and shaped into the likeness of a beautiful young maiden; yet such was the impression its charming beauty made on his romantic imagination, that he was oblivious of the fact that many of the passers by turned round to look at the evidently spell-bound admirer of the figure. At last he took his gaze off the object, and went his way. The next two days he was at the same spot, looking at the inanimate block as if his whole soul would burst out through his eyes. The captain of the ship that owned the magic figure noticed him, and in the blunt, off-hand fashion peculiar to sailors, accosted him with, "Well, my young gentleman, have you fallen in love with the figure-head of my ship?" Poor Murdoch suddenly awakened out of his trance, looked confusedly round, answered that he certainly felt interested in the thing, and asked if it was a representation of a living creature, or merely the creation of the artist's fancy. "Well, sir," the captain replied, "it is a fair attempt at the likeness of a living young lady, but beautiful as it is, it comes far short of the charms of its living original. She is the daughter and only child of the owner of this noble ship; he is reputed to be one of the richest merchants in the part of America to which he belongs; he owns several such vessels, trading to all parts of the world." Murdoch, getting still more interested, asked the young lady's age. "Well, sir, she is 18 this fall, and, in spite of her father's great wealth, as kind-hearted, unassuming, a young creature as ever breathed." Murdoch hinted to the Captain that he felt disposed to go over to America to see the young lady for himself, saying, that so strong a hold the wish of seeing her took of his whole heart and mind, that he might as well waste a portion of his time by going over, as waste it at home in misery and suspense. The kind American thought the young man must either have a screw loose aloft, or was vain enough to think his decidedly handsome appearance would cause the young lady to fall into his arms at first sight. Still he seemed to be so earnest in all he said on the subject, that he could not help pitying him, and to avoid the possibility of the people passing hearing their conversation, he politely invited Murdoch on board the ship, that they might converse in private. Seated in the cabin, the Captain said that his employer, the father of the lady, was one of those plodding, careful men, who knew the value of time and money, and one who had raised himself to his present position, from a very humble beginning, by sheer dint of persevering industry, and not at all a likely man to entrust the happiness of his motherless and only child to the keeping of a moonstruck adventurer, who might have little else to recommend him than his good looks, and the ridiculous folly of

falling in love with a young maiden through seeing her likeness painted on a piece of timber. He advised him to banish all thoughts of her from his mind; said he felt sorry to see a young and intelligent gentleman like him giving way to such absurd wild-goose-chase ideas, and he felt bound to tell him candidly that, in his opinion, to carry out his insane resolve could only result in the ruin of his prospects, and make him a laughing-stock to his associates; besides, he said, that probably enough the young lady might have admirers in her own circle at home, with good standing in society to recommend them to her hand. "Take a friend's advice, young man, and go home to your duties, reflect upon what I have said, and if this romantic idea has not entirely upset your brains, you will soon be back to thank me for saving you from destruction."

Young Murdoch deeply felt the force of the kindly advice of the Captain and owned he did so; still he declared he felt that no reasoning, reflection, nor any difficulties he could overcome would prevent him trying to see her, if he should perish in the attempt. "I will come back to see you, sir, while you are in port, if you will allow me, but I fear my resolution cannot be shaken. I am fully alive to the consequences, but I feel a power over which I have no control, impelling me on whether to ruin or happiness time can only tell." He then rose to go. The Captain looked at him and felt for him as if he were his son. He saw the young enthusiast ashore, and on his way along the quay.

The next day Murdoch was seen as before feasting his eyes opposite the figure-head, but a little farther back into the shade to avoid the notice of passers-by, but not enough hidden to escape the eye of the friendly Captain, who walked over to him, asking if he was a wiser man than when they parted yesterday. Murdoch only shook his head. His friend asked him on board again, and when seated in the cabin Murdoch began with a serious and distressed air to state that do what he would he could not get over that mysterious drawing power, which appeared to him as powerful as if set in motion by the very living original of the likeness on his ship, though thousands of miles away. His imagination pictured her as standing on the far-off shore waving her invitations for him to go. No doubt, he said, the wish might be father to the thought, in the opinion of others, but to him it seemed a living reality. "I am aware, sir," he continued, "all this will appear to you as the effects of a diseased brain. I know you sincerely pity me, and would aid me if you could in recovering from what you believe to be a fit of infatuation, which is sure to destroy my prospects in life, and, if not checked, may ultimately peril my life. Now, sir, I ask you to give me a passage across with you, and let me have one sight of the lady. Who knows but it may cure me of what you call my infatuation, and should it not, I cannot be much worse, for my feelings now are such as make them almost unbearable. I do not beg the favour; I am prepared to pay for that and for everything else I may reasonably require till my return. And I beg to assure you, sir, that your refusal will not prevent me putting my resolution into practice in the first ship that sails."

The honest American, quite taken aback at the young man's prompt decision, told him to call next day, when he would let him know whether he could accommodate him or not. After he had left, the Captain began

to consider as to the wisest plan to refuse or grant the request, and being a little tinged with superstition (as most sailors are less or more), he thought there might be some fate in the case of the young Britisher, and it might not be lucky for him to stand in the way of its accomplishment. He had already done what he could to advise him, and if he made shipwreck of his prospects, on his own head be the consequence. So when Murdoch called again, the Captain told him that if he meant to go with him to be down at the ship at a certain hour on the third day after.

Punctual to the hour, Murdoch was there with all he thought necessary to take along with him. A few hours after they were out on the broad Atlantic. During the passage Murdoch gained so much on his friend's confidence and goodwill that the captain made up his mind to aid him all he could, not only in procuring an interview with the old merchant and his daughter, but to endeavour to bring them into closer contact than a mere casual visit. When within a week of landing, the Captain told Murdoch that it was an annual custom with the owner to give a supper and ball to the crews of all his ships which happened to be at the home port, in honour of his daughter's birthday, and if all went well with them they would be just in time for it; and that he, being the oldest and longest in the service of all the captains, generally had something to do with the arrangements for the ball. He would try to procure his friend an invitation, and if possible get him to be the partner of the young heiress for the evening. Murdoch was delighted at this idea, knowing that he could acquit himself to some purpose on the floor.

The good ship at length arrived in port. After seeing the ship safely moored, the Captain went ashore to report himself to the owner, desiring Murdoch to stay on board till his return. The Captain took occasion to mention to the owner that he brought a young English gentleman a passenger from Liverpool. He believed he was a confidential clerk in one of the largest shipping houses in the city, and as he might not make a long stay in the place he wished to hurry on board to see him before he left. The old merchant, though a very fortunate man in business, was never famed for that grasp of international enterprise which distinguish so many of the merchant princes of the present day—a shrewd enough man in his way, yet he lacked much of that early training and education so necessary for a successful commercial career. He was well aware of his shortcomings in that respect, and perhaps this made him respect and admire these advantages in others the more. Nothing pleased him better than a quiet conversation with such men on business matters. It struck him that this gentleman might be one from whom something new might be learned, and he asked the Captain to bring the stranger to his house in the evening if he was staying in town all night. On the Captain informing Murdoch that he was invited to the owner's house that evening along with him, instead of being elated at the prospect of so soon being introduced to the lady he came so far to see, he exhibited more of the air of a man who had to engage in the settlement of a difficult and intricate piece of business, and was fully determined to master it.

The two set out for the mansion of the owner, Murdoch dressed in his best, his whole face lighted up by the varied conflicts agitating his mind, the motions of his body indicating the determination with which he

meant to bear himself as a man in the ordeal he had to undergo in the first meeting with the object which cost him so many restless days and wearisome nights. When they arrived at the house, little ceremony was used by the servants, the old Captain being a privileged friend, they were shown to the master's room at once. The stranger was duly introduced, and the old merchant very warmly welcomed him to America. The two were in a few minutes deep in discussing the comparative merits of the English and American systems of commerce. It was soon evident that the old merchant appreciated the intelligent remarks of the young man. Murdoch at the outset completely won his esteem and admiration; but the crisis, so ardently looked forward to, was now at hand—the meeting face to face with the living original of the painted likeness. It is perhaps better to leave the interesting scene at their first meeting to the imagination of the reader, than damage it by any frail attempt on our part to do it justice.

At length the young beauty entered the room; her father introduced the stranger. Fortunately for young Macleod, the lady herself came to his aid. She evidently had noticed his agitated state on seeing her—she knew she was beautiful—and where could we find a young beauty, either of ancient or modern times, who was not gratified at any proof of admiration by the other sex in their presence, especially if the admirers were young and handsome, and this young lady's kindly heart could not take pleasure in prolonging embarrassment on the part of any gentleman in her presence, if she could help it. She soon had our hero at his ease by means of her sensible, unaffected simplicity of manner and conversation. During the evening, the merchant asked the young man how long he intended staying in that part of the country. The Captain cleverly remarked that as Mr Macleod came a passenger with him, and made himself very useful, he begged to claim him as one of his crew to honour them by gracing their annual ball so soon to come off. This off-hand remark of the Captain's very much pleased and amused both father and daughter, so it was settled that he was to come. The ball was to come off in a week, and Murdoch promised to be back in good time for it.

Next day he went to another town at some distance. In the interval the useful Captain sounded the young lady about the propriety of honouring the young English gentleman by having him as a partner at the ball, and he was pleased to observe that she was not averse to that arrangement. He next hinted the same thing to the father, who at once consented, if his daughter had no previous engagement. So far the coast was clear for the Captain's scheme. Murdoch returned the day before the event, and spent another evening with the old merchant. When the evening came and the company assembled for the ball, the young heiress and Macleod opened the ball in the first dance. When they stood up together for that purpose, a buzz of admiration was distinctly heard from all parts of the room, for a more handsome couple could scarcely pace the floor in any country or in any society. Murdoch's early experience in dancing enabled him to feel perfectly at home and at ease, and during the evening he and his partner had the lion's share of the amusement. It was remarked by several of the company, that if any of the other young ladies present wished to dance with the stranger, his own partner appeared anything but

suited. She would never acknowledge any fatigue as long as he wished to dance. This young Macleod observed with great delight ; still he did not wish her to over-exert herself, and from time to time he feigned fatigue himself to save her. She noticed, and valued, this consideration on his part, which advanced him still more in her estimation. She clearly saw that he was not indifferent to her comfort, but although she afforded him some private opportunities during the evening to hint about what was ever uppermost in his mind, he did not breathe as much as a single sigh in that direction.

The young heiress seemed to have enjoyed so much pleasure in the dance that for days after the thoughts of it was apparent in her conversation. Murdoch, while he stayed in the town, was more frequent at the residence of the merchant, and on the best of terms with both father and daughter. This state of things could not last long in the circumstances ; each of the young lovers had little doubt of the mutual affection existing between them. Yet romantic as he was, Murdoch could not declare his love in words. But what need is there for words when true love reigns in the heart of either young man or young woman ? Oh, that Freemasonry of love ! A look, a touch of the hand, or a half-smothered sigh is far more eloquent to convince and satisfy the heart of love's existence than the most anxiously studied set of words. Poor Murdoch, much as he wished to be near her who had possession of his heart, he could not in strict propriety prolong his stay. He told the Captain how painful the separation was to him ; that he was satisfied she loved him, and asked his advice as to the propriety of speaking to her father about it. " Not so fast, my brave youth," replied the Captain ; " let things have their natural course. Leave the town at once, and come back when you are sent for."

Heartless old bachelor, who perhaps never felt a genuine pang of real love in his life, how could he give such a cruel additional stab to the already lacerated heart of the young lover. Murdoch called at the merchant's house in the evening to bid them farewell. When the old gentleman heard that he was leaving for good, he said that he felt as if parting with an old friend, and sent for his daughter, who entered the room in her usual joyous and hearty manner, and seemed so glad to see their young friend ; but when her father told her that Mr Macleod had called to bid them farewell for good, she turned pale, and appeared to be fainting. The revulsion of feeling was so real that it quite alarmed both the men. After a little time she looked up into our hero's face with such a sorrowful and agonising expression as to almost upset him. She told them she felt very unwell, and would retire, at the same time holding out her hand to Murdoch, and expressing the hope that he would always be as happy as they had hitherto felt in his company, and then left them. He mechanically found his way to the door, and walked out not caring whither he went. The poor old man of ships and wealth felt himself as unable to comprehend the situation in which he was left by both, as if he had been a newly awakened child in its cradle when seeing strange faces around it. When able to collect his thoughts, he sought out his daughter, whom he found weeping in her room ; and asking her what ailed her, she answered, saying that she would try to get over the

effects of the sudden pain which had seized her. Her father had no doubt of this having been caused by the dancing at the recent ball. People may often make pretty near guesses without knowing it!

Murdoch, after leaving the hospitable house, sought out his friend, to whom he related what had just taken place. The Captain requested him to start at once to a place at a distance, and to remain there till he heard from him. When the Captain met the owner after these events, the latter ruefully informed him of his daughter's indisposition, saying that she did not seem to be the same happy girl she used to be. He was sure something was wrong with her health, although she did not complain of anything in particular. The Captain asked permission to be allowed to see his favourite playmate, whom he often carried in his arms when a little toddling thing. Of course he was at once permitted to see her, and immediately left the office for the house. When the Captain saw the young lady, he was surprised to see the change which a few days had made in her appearance. She made every effort to look cheerful, but every now and again she forgot her task, and relapsed into her listless state. After the two men—the Captain and her father—left her, and were by themselves, the father asked his friend what he thought was the matter, or if he thought it prudent to call in their medical adviser. The Captain at once divulged the secret by declaring that, in his opinion, no doctor in the world but one could cure her trouble, and if within reach, and could be found, he would stake his life she would be as well as ever in half-an-hour. The old man, as well he might, looked up in the other's face, as if not sure whether his old and faithful servant was not trifling with him as to his daughter's condition, and asked him at once what he meant. "I mean what I say, sir," said the blunt and candid seaman, "your daughter is in love, sir, and I guess it is the most natural trouble a young woman can catch."

These outspoken remarks opened the eyes of the father to some incidents he had noticed between the young pair, but to which he paid no attention at the time. But even if the Captain's idea was correct, he said "her present romantic notions will wear off in time." The Captain answered, "I do not think so, but I would that you as her father should satisfy your own mind as to the state of her feelings on this delicate subject before you come to any rash conclusion." He took this advice, and went at once to his daughter, and put the question direct to her, whether her present state of health had anything to do with the absence of their late visitor. The young lady truthfully and at once answered that his absence had everything to do with it, that she dearly loved him, and could never be happy with another, and declared to her father (her only protector and adviser) that if Mr Macleod took her for his wife she was willing to lay aside all her previous expectations, and join her fate to his, and aid him by every means in her power to make a living for them both, if she only had her father's consent and blessing. He asked her if the young man had made any propositions of that nature to her, to which she answered that he never said a word on the subject to her; but that for all that she thought he loved her. The old man loved his daughter dearly. Her statement sorely distressed him, and without saying another word he left her and came back to his friend the Captain, to whom he told what occurred,

and that he had proof of his child's love for their late visitor from her own lips, and asked him what he would advise him to do. The Captain said, "Well, sir, as you ask my advice in good faith, I will candidly give it. In the first place, if I were in your place, and the father of such a daughter as yours, before I would wreck her happiness for life, I would sail twice round the globe without my grog; and in the second place, the young man, the object of her affection, is one who only requires some pecuniary help to make him one of the most prominent and successful merchants of the day. You are not under the necessity of continuing your business pursuits for a living. In a few years you must either make your trade over to some one else, or put a period to the business which has been the envy and admiration of many. Could you not from this time forth, as long as spared in life, take pleasure and enjoyment from observing at your ease the prosperous continuation of the trade you have begun and so nobly carried on, and all for the benefit of your own child by at once saving her from misery, and a spirited young gentleman from making shipwreck of such talents and prospects as he undoubtedly possesses! Give him an opportunity of using his youth, his energies, and his large experience in making your child, yourself, and all of us happy."

The old man listened all the time of this earnest address with his head resting on the table at which they sat. When the Captain ceased speaking, he looked up at him, and held out his hand to him, saying, "Few of my servants would have the pluck and candour to tell me to my face what you have just said. I appreciate your good advice, and believe it the best in the circumstances, although it is in some respects different from what I once anticipated. I may tell you that I am satisfied the young man has the making of a successful merchant in him. As you say I am able to give his abilities ample scope. In the meantime, if you know where he is, you might communicate with him and let him understand his friends here would be glad of another visit from him before leaving for home, if he can make it convenient. I would like to know his own sentiments on the subject before taking any decided steps in the matter."

The Captain lost no time in writing to his young friend, Murdoch, desiring him to come to him at once as he had some important news to tell him. After the Captain left, her father sent word to his daughter that he wanted to speak to her. She at once came to him, when he told her that he expected a visit from Mr Macleod shortly. This piece of intelligence acted upon her like a charm, and she immediately jumped up from her seat exclaiming, "Oh! papa, have you sent for him?" Answering in the affirmative, she flung her arms round his neck and sobbed as a very child. Her agitation, however, soon subsided, and she appeared almost like her old self.

Immediately Murdoch received his friend's letter, he set off on his return journey. On seeing the Captain, he was prevailed upon to moderate his impatience to see the object of his love. His friend advised him to see her father first at his office. When he entered along with the Captain, the old gentleman received him very kindly, but with a little more reserve than formerly. On the delicate subject being introduced, the merchant asked Murdoch if he really loved his daughter, and whether he had

given her any reason to think he did so? Murdoch answered that he loved his daughter dearly; but that he never, to his knowledge, hinted to her how completely she had gained his affections; and if he at any time had betrayed his feelings towards her in her presence, it was quite involuntarily on his part. "But," he continued, "if my position and circumstances were anything near equal to hers, I would not so silently crush my great love for her, but would have spoken to you, sir, before now on the subject. Let me at once tell you, sir, that I have nothing in the shape of means to recommend me to her, or to you as her father; all my hopes of success in life are based on my conscious possession of integrity of purpose, with industry and perseverance in the calling in which I have had years of experience, and during which I have acquired some knowledge of commercial pursuits." At the conclusion of young Macleod's little speech, the old gentleman rose to his feet, and took him by the hand, saying, "I claim you as my son, may God bless you both." The three gentlemen then went to the house of the intended father-in-law. The re-union of the young lovers need not be described—we may rest assured that it was a happy one, everything being now plain sailing to the haven of matrimony. The father of the bride resolved to install our hero as manager of his immense trade, giving him the advantage of his own riper judgment in any emergency. When all the details were settled, and the marriage day fixed, the Captain informed the bride how Macleod fell in love with her so curiously as the figure-head of her father's ship. This was the source of great amusement to her, and the subject of repeated teasings to her lover. After the marriage, Murdoch told his wife that he had a widowed mother at home, who would be much distressed if she happened to hear of his having gone to America, he being her only child; he must write to her and see to her well-being. His wife urged him to send for her, and stay with themselves, saying she was herself early deprived of the care and guidance of her mother, and begged him to bring her a new parent, to fill up the void she often felt in many of her little difficulties, since she grew up to womanhood. Murdoch accordingly wrote to his mother in Stornoway, inclosing a sufficient sum to defray the expenses of the voyage out. When his mother received his letter, she could hardly understand what it all meant, yet, knowing her boy, as she yet called him, was always a truth telling lad, she resolved at once to prepare for the long journey. In due time she arrived in America, and was joyfully received by her son and daughter. She was yet a comparatively young woman—little over forty—a fine, good-looking woman of her age. Their old friend, the Captain, when in port was a frequent visitor at their house. Mrs Macleod, jun., had observed, in course of time, that the Captain seemed to have new attractions in his visits, and this was confirmed when their old friend had one day signified his intention of retiring from sea and living on shore the rest of his days. Murdoch informed his wife of this resolve, who only laughingly said that she had suspected it for some time. He answered that if that was really the case, and if his mother was willing and disposed to marry the Captain, he would be delighted to have his old and faithful friend for a father, observing that he deserved every favour at his hands, seeing that he was the means of procuring for him the greatest treasure a man can have—a

good and loving wife. Well pleased at the neat compliment, she, with a lovely little blush, of course declared that it was all gammon. At length the Captain formally asked Murdoch's consent for his mother in marriage, who was only too happy to have their friendship, if possible, more firmly cemented. The old captain was well able to keep a wife in all the comforts money could buy, having saved a fair competency during his long career at sea. The old merchant, a few years after these events, paid the debt of nature, and left all his great wealth to Murdoch and his wife. Not the least remarkable incident in the narrative is that after Murdoch's second child was born, he had a son and a brother christened on the same day. Let us hope some of their descendants are still living, enjoying the wealth of the old merchant, and the happiness along with it which even wealth without a good life and easy conscience can never give.

LODA.

NOTES ON GAELIC PHILOLOGY.

Amhaire, look thou; derived from the Aryan root *rac*, *arc* "to radiate." From this root comes also Welsh *Llygat*, "eye." Cornish and Armoric *Lagat*. The secondary Keltic root *losc*, "to burn," is traced to the same origin.

Aog, eug, death; Breton. *ankow*; Cornish, *ancow*; Middle Welsh, *angheu*; Mod. W., *anguen*; from *angh*, "to choke, strangle, tighten." From the same root come *eang*, a footstep, track, year; *eangach*, a net; *eigin*, a strait; *aingidh*, wicked; *tachd*, choke thou = *do-ac*. The Latin *Ango*, I strangle, and *angustus*, narrow, are derived from the same source. *Ar*, ploughing, from which *airean*, a ploughman; *aran*, bread; *irionn*, land, from which *fearann* is formed; *uir*, mould; *arancha*, a pantry; and *aranoir*, a baker. Welsh *Aradr*, a plough; *ar*, ploughed land.

Bear, *bior*, a spit. Welsh, *Bir*. Latin, *Veru*; from *ghvar*, to turn.

Bruich, cook thou; from *Bhar*, to fry, parch, roast; from which also *breo*, fire; *bruthainn*, heat; Irish *bearbham*, I melt or dissolve; *bearbhadh*, boiling or seething; *breogham*, I bake; Welsh *berwi*, to boil; and Latin *frigere*, to fry or parch.

Conas, anger, fretfulness; furze;—derived from *con*, the genitive plural of *cu*, a dog. Breton *Kounnar*, *konnar*, rage; Welsh *cynddaredd*, derived from *cwn*, or *cun*, plural of *ci*, dog, and *daredd*, tumultuous noise, from *dar*, noise. Cognate with *dar* are the Gaelic *torann*, *torman*, *toirm*, noise; *starum*, trampling noise; and *stararaidh*, rattling noise.

Domhainn, deep. Breton, *Doun*. Cornish, *Down*. Middle Welsh, *Dwfn*. Mod. W., *Dwfn*. Gaulish, *Dummos*. Obviously akin to these words are Gaelic *Domhan*, the world; *dumhail*, *domhail*, thick, bulky, large; and *dubh*, great.

Dobhar, water ; Welsh, *dufr* ; Breton, *dour* ; Gaulish, *dubron* ;—derived from *Dhu*, to stir, or agitate. From one of the secondary forms of this root, *Dhav*, to flow or run, come *deubh*, to dry up ; *dabhach*, a vat ; *dabhar*, a bucket or pitcher ; and *dubhach*, a tub.

Druchd, dew ; *Druigh*, to ooze, to drain through ; derived from *Dru*, to run, drop, or trickle. From this root comes *drubh*, a chariot.

Falc, bathe thou ; Irish, *folcaim*, I bathe ; Welsh, *golchi* ; Breton, *gwelchi*, to bathe. These words are akin to the Slavo-Germanic root *valg*, to wash.

Garr, a belly enlarged by over-eating ; *garraich*, a filthy, impudent fellow ; *gragaire*, *gragain*, a glutton ; from *gar*, to devour, or swallow ; from which also Latin *gurgus* and *gurgulia* ; and Sanscrit *gargara*, an abyss.

Gionach, greedy, voracious ; from *gion*, mouth ; Breton, *genou* ; Cornish and Welsh *genau* ; Gaulish, *genava*.

Guidh, pray thou ; Irish, *guidhim*, I pray ; *guidhe*, a prayer, an imprecation ; *gadan*, *guth*, voice ; from *gad*, to speak.

Lochran, a light, lamp, torch ; Old Irish, *luacharn* and *locharn*—from *ruk*, *luk*, to shine. From the same root are the Latin *lucerna* and the Welsh *llugorn*.

Muc, a hog ; literally an animal with a snout, derived from *Mak*, root of the French *moucher*, to blow the nose ; so *muc-mhara*, a whale ; *muc-bhiarach*, a porpoise, are so called from being snouty. Breton, *Moch*.

Nigh, wash thou ; Irish, *nighim*, I wash.

Nightin, soap. Root *nig*, *nag*, to wash.

Solus, light ; from *svar*, to shine. *Sorcha*, an obsolete name for light, is derived from the same root. *Sorcha* is found as the name of a country in old Gaelic tales and ballads. In Dean Macgregor of Lismore's Book, this name has the form *Sorchir*, i.e., *Sorcha thir*, Land of Light. In the middle ages the Irish applied this name to Portugal. This was no doubt in a restricted sense. The primary meaning is evidently the land of light or of the south—the land that corresponds in a northern latitude to the apparent daily course of the sun from east to west. The land of the north was *Lochlann*, which anciently included Germany and all northern lands known to the Kelts ; but this name was restricted to Norway and Denmark subsequent to the invasions of Scotland and Ireland by the Scandinavians. *Lochlann* is derived from *loch*, "black," and means Dark land—that land which would seem to those situated south of it never to be visited by the sun. The old whimsical etymological method derived *Lochlonnach* from *loch*, an arm of the sea, and *lonn*, "strong." "*Lochlonnach*, i.e., Duine laidir fa fhairge, *Lochlonnach signifies a sea-faring man*" !! Eastern lands were denoted in olden times by *oirthir*, *Airthir*, and *Tir-shoir*, and western by *Erin*, or *Eirinn*, which signifies the western country. In our old traditions the name *Eirinn* evidently applies to the Western Isles of Scotland as well as to Ireland, which is specially designated *Innis-Fail*.

Suil, eye = *svail* ; from *Svar*, "to burn." From the same root come

seall, look thou ; *sealladh*, sight ; Welsh, *selu*, to espy, to gaze ; *selw*, gaze, beholding ; *haul*, sun ; Breton, *sell*, a look, sight ; *heaul*, the sun.

Tuath, tenantry. This word formerly meant "people," and is derived from *Tu*, to grow large, to increase, to be powerful. From *Tu* have come *tuagh*, dominion ; *tuathach*, a lord or sovereign ; *tuir*, a lord, general, sovereign ; *tura*, much, plenty, abundance ; *tormach*, an increase ; and *tuirean*, a troop, a multitude. *Teo*, an old Gaelic name for *god*, is traced to the same source, as is also *Teutates*, the name of a Gaulish deity. The root is found in *Teutomatus*, the name of a king of the Nitiobriges, and in *Tentobodiaci*, the name of a people of Galatia.

Tugha, thatch. Welsh, *To* ; derived from Stag, "to cover" whence the Latin *toga*.

Dorn, a fist, a buffet. Welsh, *Dwrn* ; Breton, *Dorn*, a hand ; *dourna*, to beat ; derived from *Dhar*, to support, to carry, to fortify ; whence *dorar*, a battle ; *dorr*, anger ; *dorr*, very harsh, or rough ; *dorrda*, fierce, cruel ; *duras*, a house ; and the termination—*durum*, in the names of Gaulish cities ; also the Latin *fortis*, *firmus*, and *frenum*. The primitive Ayran consonants *bh*, *dh*, *gh* have become *b*, *g*, *d* in Gaelic, and *f* in Latin.

Airc, strait, difficulty ; derived from *arc*, to hold fast, to tighten, to strain ; whence also *arean*, cork ; *earcam*, I fill ; *earc*, a tax, or tribute ; also the Latin *arceo*, *arca*, and *arcus*.

Saile, salt water. The primitive meaning is "that which flows" ; derived from *sar*, to flow ; whence Sanskrit *sara*, *saras*, water, milk ; *sarila*, water ; *sarit*, river. In Sanskrit *sala*, *sabila*, water, *sar* becomes *sal*. Old Irish *Saile*, *salonn*, salt ; Welsh *hal*, *halen* ; Sanskrit *sara*, *sil* ; so called from its fusibility. To *sal*, in its proper acceptation of flowing, are to be traced the Gaelic *seile*, the Welsh *haliw*, and the Latin *saliva*, spittle. As *sar* has become *sir*, *str*, in the Sanskrit *sird*, canal ; *strd*, river ; so *sal* has become *sil*, *stol*, in the Gaelic, *sil*, to shed, distil, drop ; *stolaidh*, to filter.

Flaith, or *flath*, a prince, lord. *Flaitheas*, *flaitheamhnus*, sovereignty. *Flaithechiste*, a royal treasure. *Flathanas*, heaven. Welsh, *Gwlad*, country—O. W. *gulat* ; *guledig*, a prince. Gaulish, *Vlatos*, primitive form, *vlat* = *valt*, from a root which in its Slavo-Germanic form is given as *Valdh*. German *valten*, Lithuanian *valdyti*, Old Bulgarian *vladati*, to rule ; *vladykas*, lord, prince.

ISLAY.

HECTOR MACLEAN.

BOOKS RECEIVED.—"The Queen's Book," translated into Gaelic by the Rev. J. P. St Clair, from Edmonston & Co. ; and "Antient Erse Poems," collected among the Scottish Highlands, by Thomas F. Hill (a reprint), from MacLachlan & Stewart, Edinburgh.

THE HIGHLAND CEILIDH.

BY ALASTAIR OG.

[CONTINUED.]

THE worthy hostess of the Dunvegan Hotel met the Gauger at the door, and dropping a courtesy, gave him a hearty welcome, while Somhairle Dubh told Eachainn to lead the pony to the stable ; but seeing the poor lad hardly able to stand, and having been told the reason, he immediately helped him into the kitchen, and seating him by the fire, called for the whisky bottle—the usual panacea in those days for all evils in the Highlands—and giving Eachainn a good dram, he applied the same remedy to the wounded limb, rubbing it in before the fire, while a messenger was despatched for his mother, who was noted for her skill in the use of herbs.

In the meantime Mr Gillespie had been shown to his bedroom to change his wet clothes, while his dinner was preparing. Before he began his meal, the landlord brought out his own peculiar bottle—a mixture of whisky, camomile flowers, and coriander seeds—and offered his guest a glass as an appetiser, which was gladly accepted, for he was feeling far from well. He ate but little of the good plain dinner provided for him, and soon after went to his bed. Before doing so, however, he asked for Eachainn, wishing to give him a trifle for his guidance, but on being told that the lad had gone home with his mother, he gave *Somhairle Dubh* a shilling to give him.

Although Gillespie was very tired, he could not sleep. He tossed and turned, and only as the day was breaking did he fall asleep, but it did not refresh him, for the incidents of his journey haunted him in his sleep. He was again riding the pony, going at a furious rate, while Eachainn sat at his back holding him in a grasp of iron. There arose before him the figure of the snake of gigantic proportions, which, writhing round his neck, was nearly strangling him, but instead of hissing it uttered the “craik, craik,” of the *Trian-ri-trian*. With an effort he awoke, and found himself stiff and feverish, and his throat very sore. In a word, the honest man was in for a bad attack of quinsy or inflammation of the throat. After a few days had elapsed, he expressed his surprise that Eachainn had not called to enquire for him ; but he was told the lad had gone to a village ten miles off to lay out his shilling. *Somhairle Dubh* and his goodwife became very concerned about their guest, and nothing could exceed their kindness and attention to him. They sent for the doctor, but he was away some distance and could not come at once. On the fourth day of Gillespie's illness, *Somhairle Dubh* seating himself by the sick man, with great solemnity of manner said, “Sir, we must all die. Now, sir, I am come to do to you as I would like to be done by ; for sore, sore would it be to me to think my body should not be put in the grave of my father in Kilmuir. So, sir, by your leave, where would you choose to be buried ?”

“Buried !” exclaimed the Gauger, aghast, sitting up in his bed, and staring at his host. “Buried ! surely I am not so bad as that ?”

Without noticing his emotion, the worthy man continued, “Folk

have different ways in different countries ; but you may depend upon it, sir, it's no my father's son that would suffer the corpse of a *Duine-uasal* not to be treated in every way most honourably. You shall be properly washed and stretched ; that you may be sure of, and you shall not want for the dead shirt, for by my faith, and I'll do as I promised, sir, you shall have my own dead shirt that my wife made with her own hands of real good linen, and beautifully sewed too. And we'll keep you, sir, for the seven days and seven nights, and I'll get *Ian Saor* to make as good a chest for you as ever he made, with brass-headed nails all round it, and with shining handles like silver, and you shall lie in your chest like a *Duine-uasal* should, with two large candles at your head, and two at your feet, and a plateful of salt on your breast."

Here poor Gillespie could contain himself no longer, but groaned aloud at this dismal recital of what was to be done to his corpse.

"What, sir? you're may be thinking the *Alaire*, or death feast, will not be good enough ; but ye need not trouble yourself for that, there shall be plenty whisky and plenty meat, and my wife shall make good bannocks."

"Yes, indeed I will," said the good woman, wiping her eyes with her apron as she sobbed out, "Ochan, ochan! little does his mother know how her son is the night."

"But," continued her husband, "think what a comfort it'll be to her to hear of his being buried so decent like ; for, sir, you shall be put in my own grandfather's grave, and that's what I'd not do to many, but I'll do it to you, for though you are a gauger you're a stranger far from your own people, and I'd like to show kindness to you."

Indeed the worthy man never doubted but he had afforded Gillespie the greatest comfort in thus having settled all the particulars of his funeral ; for an intense anxiety about the proper disposal of his remains, and the complete fulfilling of all the customary ceremonies of death, is a characteristic trait of the Highlander.

It was the seventh day of Mr Gillespie's illness when Eachainn returned, and he immediately went to see the sick man, who by this time could scarcely speak. He lay pale and languid, with his eyes closed, and apparently the dews of death on his brow. The lad was greatly shocked. He expected to find him ill, but not so bad as this—not for death. "Ochan, ochan!" he exclaimed, and covering his face with his hands, he burst into tears. The Gauger on opening his eyes and seeing his visitor, smiled faintly and said, "It's all over with me, Eachainn."

"Oh no, no, sir ; don't say that, I hope you'll be better soon. And don't you be thinking of the *Tàeg*, sir, for she'll not be for you at all, sir, but for the minister's goodmother, who died last night with the fever, and his children have got it too, for it's very smitting ; but I'll no be caring. I'll just be going up to the manse, and tell the doctor to come to you."

"Stop," said the Gauger with difficulty, and then pointing to his fowling-piece, which stood in a corner, he continued with a faltering voice, "Keep it for my sake, for I shall never use it again."

"Oh no, sir," replied Eachainn in a broken voice, "I'll be hoping to see you use her many's the time yet. We'll be shooting the moor-hens together some day, but I must be going for the doctor quick." So saying, the lad hurried out of the room, for fear he should again break down.

In about three hours the tramping of a horse announced the arrival of the doctor, who had galloped in from the manse, while Eachainn ran and panted all the way at his horse's side. And while the doctor was entering the inn, Eachainn ran to his mother's, and told her to get her herbs ready, for perhaps she would be able to do more good than the doctor, after all their hastening back. He was in the sick-room as soon as the doctor, who, having examined his patient in silence for a few minutes, began the following harangue with a pompous voice and manner:—"You see, sir, you are labouring under what is commonly called a quinsy, but which, professionally, we denominate *Cynanche*, to which may be added in your case the adjective noun *maligna*. I regret to say that your case is exceedingly desperate. Had I been able to have seen you earlier I should have followed Celsus' excellent advice in these cases, but I am sorry to say that the Celsian treatment is now entirely out of the question. There can now be no doubt that the opening into the trachea is very nearly closed up by the phlegmon or inflammation, when death by asphyxia must ensue. There is here, then, but one course. Here,"—taking a small case of instruments out of his pocket—"here, you see, is a fine sharp-pointed knife or scalpel, with which an incision being made into your trachea, I shall insert a small tube so as to keep up the communication between the atmosphere and the lungs, to obviate what would otherwise be the fatal closing of the glottis." With that the doctor arranged his instruments at the bedside, and was preparing to operate at once, when a dim sense of his intentions began to break in upon the minds of the spectators.

"And where do you mean to cut, sir?" asked *Somhairle Dubh*, first breaking silence.

"Here, exactly here," replied the doctor, placing his finger on Mr Gillespie's throat a little below the chin.

"And have you no other cure but that, Doctor?"

"None whatever," answered he, shaking his head, and taking up the scalpel, at the sight of which the sick man shrunk to the other side of bed with a look of pitiable despair.

"No other cure than to cut the *Duine-uasa's* throat," screamed Eachainn, coming forward, with a face blanched with horror; "No, no, sir," he continued, "you'll shust have to cut my throat first. If you'll no be doing better than that, I could be doing as good myself with the *corran* yonder, and not to trouble you to be coming with them awful knives, ahust enough to frighten a body."

On hearing this, the poor Gauger smiled gratefully on Eachainn, and pressed his hand between both his own.

"Sir!" exclaimed the doctor, hoarse with passion, "what is the meaning of this? am I to perform the operation or not?"

"No, sir," replied the sick man in a scarcely articulate voice. "I throw myself upon the mercy of God. I can but die."

"Then die, sir," said the enraged doctor, "and your blood be upon your own head;" and hastily packing up his instruments, he turned to leave the room just as Eachainn's mother (a descendant of *Fearchair Lighiche*) entered. She gave him a respectful greeting, which, however, was very ungraciously received, and soon the sounds of his horse's hoofs was

heard as he galloped away, Eachainn muttering something about the *Diabhl* going along with him.

Eachainn's mother now took up the case, and having tenderly examined the throat, called for a pot and boiling water, into which she cast some herbs and boiled them over the fire. The decoction she ordered to be applied on flannels, as hot as he could bear it, to the sick man's throat, while he inhaled the hot steam of the same from the spout of a teapot. The good woman then called for a skellet, into which she measured two or three cups of water; she then threw into the water some dried herbs and fresh roots. When the mixture was hot it threw up a green scum, which she skimmed off. She then poured some of the potion into a tumbler, and approaching the patient, said in Gaelic, "Try, my dear, and swallow this; I know it is very painful for you to do it, but life is precious, and for your mother's sake, if you have one, make the attempt."

On her wishes being explained to Gillespie, he grasped the tumbler, and with a great effort slowly but painfully drained it. In about half-an-hour after he had taken it, his face became of a ghastly green shade; he stretched himself out at his full length; his pulse seemed to fail; he heaved deep sighs; and at length began to retch violently. It now appeared a struggle between life and death, but at length the imposthume burst, and the poor man swooned away. The spectators now thought all was over with the gauger, but Eachainn's mother knew better. She held his head with one hand, while with the other she chafed his temples, calling to her son to throw some water in the patient's face, and telling the landlord to bring some red wine, if he had any in the house. Her orders being promptly carried out, the sick man soon opened his eyes, and in a little while was able to speak, when he expressed his gratitude to the worthy woman for the great relief she had afforded him.

From this time Gillespie mended fast, but necessarily was obliged to keep his bed for several days, and finding the time hang heavy, he would keep Eachainn by him for hours together, as he had taken a great liking to the lad, besides being under such an obligation to his mother, of whose skill and the wonderful cures she had effected her son was never tired of talking about.

"But how did your mother gain all the knowledge?" said the Gauger.

"Well, sir, you must know my mother is descended from the famous man *Fearchair Lighiche*."

"And who may he be?" enquired Gillespie.

"Ah, sir, it was him that was the clever man. He could cure every disease in the shutting of a *Taibhshear's* eye, and knew every herb and plant, every tree and root, every bird and beast. And there's something more wonderful yet," continued Eachainn in an awe-struck tone.

"And what is that?" asked Gillespie.

"Well, sir, maybe you'll no be believing it, but it's true all the same, that *Fearchair Lighiche* had the gift to know what the birds would be saying to each other."

The Gauger threw a quick glance at his companion, thinking he was trying to gull him, but seeing that Eachainn spoke in all sincerity, and even with a certain amount of awe in his manner, Gillespie did not interrupt him, merely remarking, "That was a gift indeed, if he made good use of it."

"That he did, sir, for he was a real good man, and a blessing was on all he did."

"Well," said the Gauger, with an air of incredulity, "tell me now of some instance where this gift was shown by your wonderful relative, Farquhar Lick, or whatever his name was?"

"By your leave, sir, his name is not Lick, but *Lighiche*, and that means 'Healer.' The people will be calling him that because of the cures he did. But his own right name was Beaton, and I could be telling you lots of stories about him. One time, on a beautiful summer morning, he was walking by the seaside, and he met old Colin Macrae and his two sons going to their boat to go to Skerry-Rona to cut sea-ware, when they spoke to the seer. He looked to the north and to the south, with a face full of trouble, and just then a raven flew over their heads, and gave a hollow croaking kind of sound."

"So do all ravens, man," interrupted the Gauger.

Without noticing the interruption, Eachainn continued, "And then, sir, when *Fearchair Lighiche* heard the raven, he turned to the old man and commanded him and his sons not to enter the boat or put to sea that day, for, said he, 'I have it from them that never deceive that evil will come to a boat from Harlosh coast this day.'"

"And did they take notice of the warning?"

"The old man, sir, was minded to stay, but the young lads laughed, and said they did not care for all the ravens between the point of Uishinish and the Coolin Hills, so they set off. But the wise man stood looking after them with a sad face, and then the raven flew past again; and when *Fearchair* heard the croak of the bird, he clasped his hands, and looking up he cried out, 'Lost! lost! lost!'"

"And what became of the men?" enquired Gillespie, interested, in spite of his unbelief.

"I'll tell you, sir, about the middle of the day there was a thick fog, which covered the sea and the land, and when the night came on there was a dreadful storm, so that no boat could live. The people will be blaming old Meg Mackintosh, the witch of Glen Dubh, for it, for she met the men that very morning, just after they'll be finding a dead door-mouse, and that is just always a sign of death. Well, when the night was come, the house of John Mac John Mac Kenneth was all cheerless and dark, for they that went out in the morning had never come back; and the poor wife sat all her lone, on a three-legged stool by the side of the fire, crying bitterly for her man and her sons, whose three stools stood empty opposite her on the other side. Her dog lay at her feet, and the poor brute kept licking her hand, for he knew she was in trouble; and when her sobs became more convulsively audible, he would raise a low whine in sympathy. Well, sir, it'll just be about the middle of the night, when in a distracted state the woman exclaimed, 'Oh, this fearful suspense! it is worse than the worst reality. Would to heaven I were certain whether they are dead or alive.' She had scarcely left off speaking, when she'll hear a queer-like sound, and the dog she'll hear it too, for she'll growl and go close to the wife's side, and then she'll see three shivering figures sitting before her on the stools that were previously empty, all wet, pale, and with the death-look on them. You may be sure she

was awful frightened. She daren't speak; but she shust held out her arms to embrace them, but she could not lay hold of them, for with a soundless tread they glided away and vanished, while she heard pronounced these words, '*Cha till, cha till, cha till, sinn tuille*' (We return, return, return no more). Then she gave a great skirl and fell down, and she was found in the morning just quite senseless, with the poor beastie of a dog watching her."

"That is certainly a very strange story, Eachainn."

"Yes, sir; and there's plenty more I could be telling you, if you like. Once the laird was taken ill all of a sudden with a bad pain in his chest, when he was walking near some rocks where the fairies lived. Some say he was struck by an elf-bolt, as one was picked up near the spot the next day. So he sent to *Fearchair Lighiche* to come to heal him. It was a long way to go, and when *Fearchair* and the man that was fetching him got to about five miles from the laird's house a *gobhar-athair* flew over them, and when *Fearchair* heard the cry of the bird he stopped, and told the man it was no use to go any further, for his master was dead, and so he turned back. When the man got home, he found that his master had died just at the very time they heard the *gobhar-athair*. Sometimes he would fall into a trance, when he would be seeing most beautiful things. One day he was travelling with his nephew and his foster-brother, who always carried his herb-box and his Hebrew Bible, and they came to a place where a great battle was fought long ago. And there's a big cairn there over the bones of the men who were killed, and people will be seeing the spirits of them if they go that way at night. *Fearchair* said to his nephew that he was going to lie down and sleep, and that they were to be sure not to wake him, nor even touch him. Well, sir, he went to sleep, and at first he was breathing very hard, and his face was full of trouble, but after a little he did not breathe at all, and his face got as white as snow, and he looked just if he was dead. His nephew got so frightened when he saw him, that he jumped up to wake him, but the other held him back and whispered, 'For your life, move not, speak not, touch not;' and they then saw coming out of the mouth of the sleeping man a tiny, tiny, wee thing like a beautiful butterfly. When the nephew saw it, he made as if he would catch it, but the other man called out, 'For any sake, don't touch it, for there's something awful in it,' so they looked and saw it go into the cairn. The night had well nigh fallen before they saw the beautiful wee creature coming out of the cairn and going back into the mouth of *Fearchair*. Then he woke up and sneezed three times, and said, 'Tis well; let's on, let's on.' He didn't speak again for a long time, but once they heard him say like to himself in Gaelic, '*Eternal! eternal! eternal!*'"

"And what did the people think of all this?" asked Gillespie.

"Oh, sir, they say that when he'll be in a trance his spirit would come from his body, and go to the spiritual worlds, or anywhere he liked. There was only three men on earth to whom he told what it was that he'll be seeing at such times, and they dared only each tell it to one other, their nearest relatives when they arrived at the age of twenty-nine.

(To be Continued.)

GLASGOW HIGHLAND ASSOCIATION.

ANNUAL MEETING.

THE re-union of this Association took place on Friday evening, the 21st December, in the City Hall, Glasgow—the Rev. Alexander Stewart, F.S.A.S., “Nether-Lochaber,” in the chair; supported right and left by Professor Grant, Glasgow University; D. Mackinnon, M.A., Edinburgh; Duncan Sharp, president of the Association; James Fraser, vice-president; Angus Nicholson, of the *Gael*; Alexander Mackenzie, of the *Celtic Magazine*; John Murdoch, of the *Highlander*; Charles Mackinnon Ramsay, of the *Citizen*; Dr D. Morrison, Edinburgh; Captain Menzies, of the Glasgow Highlanders; D. Cowan, A. Macneil, C. Campbell, Duncan Whyte; Archibald Sinclair, Gaelic publisher; John G. Mackay, secretary; John Munro, treasurer; Lieut. Mactavish; Malcolm Ferguson, and Alexander Macleod, representatives of the Skye Association; Captain Maclauchlan, of the *Clydesdale*; John S. Loudon, of Clonyards; Dr D. C. Black, Captain Macdougall, Captain Baxter, *Queen of the Lake*; Captain Mactavish, Henry Whyte, Murdoch Macdonald, Drs Johnston and Maclauchlan, Lieut. Kerr, W. Macrae Bogle, Duncan Macinnes, John Mackechnie, Captain Maccallum, *Mountaineer*; Neil Brown, A. W. Macleod, Charles Walker, William Cameron, Keil, Lochaber, &c.

A letter of apology was received from the Rev. G. L. Campbell; and Mr N. Macneill, editor of *The Highland Echo*, being necessarily out of town, sent the following Gaelic telegram:—“Failte do’n Chomunn Ghaidhealach’s d’a Cheann-suidhe; tha mi duilich mach urrainn mi bhi lathair a chluinntinn Bhun-Lochabeir, oirdhearc, ealanta.—Niall MacNeill.” There were also a number of ladies on the platform. Two pipers played while the people were gathering. The Chairman on his appearance on the platform accompanied by his supporters received a most hearty Highland welcome from the large audience, which numbered not less than 1200 or 1300 persons. A blessing having been asked, Mr James Fraser sang two verses of the 103d Psalm in Gaelic, the audience joining with powerful effect.

The Chairman now presented himself, when he was enthusiastically received, made a short and telling speech in Gaelic expressing his pleasure at being present, and at seeing such a large meeting of his fellow Highlanders from all parts of the country. From the sweet and effective manner in which they had just sung the Psalm he was almost induced to preach them a sermon; but there were times and seasons for all things, and he might say with the Gaelic bard—

Ged nach deannain fìdhleireachd,
Gu’n deannain sgriobhadh ‘s leughadh;
‘S a nàile dheanain searmoin duit,
Nach talaich poach fo’n ghreis oirr.

(Loud applause.) He was much indebted to the officials of the Association for the great honour they had done him in placing him in the chair. He was told that some of the great men of Glasgow considered it beneath

their dignity to patronise such a meeting, but the truth was these persons lost a good deal more than the Association. (Applause.) He would not detain them with a lengthy speech, for he knew that they cared more for one good Gaelic song than any speech he could give them, and they were quite right. At a meeting like that his principal work would be to keep them in good spirits and good order, and he knew perfectly well that this would be an easy task with such a respectable audience of his countrymen. He would be something like Murdo Macdonald's new smack. Murdo bought a smack, and the Rev. Mr John of Morven asked him how she sailed. "Well, by your leave," said Murdo, "she'll not sail close to the wind at all, but give her tide and wind, and take my word she'll run before it." (Laughter and applause.) He (the Chairman) knew perfectly well that they would not require of him to tack against the wind, and he would promise them that he would run well before it. (Applause.)

Mr Cowan, merchant, and Mr John Murdoch addressed the meeting, the subject being the state of the Highlands, thecroft system, and teaching Gaelic in our Highland schools; Mr Cowan saying in conclusion that the Chairman conferred great honour upon the Association by coming all the way from Lochaber to preside at their meeting. They were all proud of him. (Applause.) His name was a household word all over the world. In America, Australia, Africa, in Asia, and wherever the Gaelic or English language was known, "Nether-Lochaber" was known and esteemed. (Cheers.)

Mr Mackenzie, of the *Celtic Magazine*, moved a vote of thanks to their excellent chairman. He did not know who these great men were who would not condescend to patronise the Highland Association and support "Nether-Lochaber" in the chair. For himself, with all due deference to the Glasgow magnates, he would esteem it a greater honour to sit under their chairman than under any nabob, however wealthy or otherwise influential, in the Western capital. (Loud cheers.) Who did not read the "Nether-Lochaber" column of the *Inverness Courier* with profit, pleasure, and delight? And it should be kept in mind that before any of our Celtic societies had any existence, and before our Celtic apostle, Professor Blackie, and all honour to him, began the Celtic Chair crusade, Mr Stewart, in the "Nether-Lochaber" column, alone and almost single-handed, kept up the interest of scholars, and of those who loved the Highlanders, in their language and literature. (Applause.)

A service of fruit was supplied during the evening. The pipe music by Messrs Macphie and Macpherson was excellent. The dancing was good, but especially *Seann triubhais*, by Mr Cameron and his youthful assistants. They surpassed anything we have seen. Where the singing was of such a high order, it would be invidious to make any distinction, but we may congratulate Mr Murray on his happy hit in giving, when encored, some excellent verses of his own composition in praise of the chairman and Mr Angus Nicholson of the *Gael*. Not a single word of English was spoken throughout the evening, except a call for a song by Professor Grant in the absence of the chairman.

After the meeting, the company retired to the ball-room, where they kept up the dance until three o'clock in the morning. The gathering was altogether a decided success.

THE GAEL LODGE, No. 609.—This energetic young Lodge, the latest outgrowth of the Gaelic revival which has been going on for some time, held its first regular meeting in the Masonic Hall, No. 30 Hope Street, Glasgow, on the 20th of December. Brother Angus Nicolson, Right Worshipful Master; Brother Duncan Sharpe, Senior Warden; and the other office-bearers were in attendance, and opened the Lodge in the Gaelic language—not a word of English being spoken. Alex. Mackenzie, Esq., editor of *The Celtic Magazine*, Inverness, and Dr Daniel Morrison, of Edinburgh, being in attendance, were then duly initiated in Gaelic by the R.W.M. The same parties having come from their distant homes out of a patriotic feeling and sympathy with the cause, particularly the Gaelic feature of it, were then passed and raised to the sublime degree of Master Mason. The Lodge was then closed in due and ancient form, in Gaelic. This is the first time in the annals of Freemasonry that such a ceremony is known to have been performed in the Gaelic language, and we are told by those best qualified to judge that the beautiful and impressive ceremony of the Order loses none of its effect by being transferred to the classic old language of Caledonia—indeed, some say that it is much more beautiful and effective, and who knows but the venerable language of Ossian may be found living in the secret repositories of the Lodge "Gael" when it has ceased to be spoken even by the occupant of Professor Blackie's much talked of chair. We may mention that to Bro. Angus Nicolson, R.W.M., is due the credit of being the first to bring the Gaelic into the secret chambers of Freemasonry the same as he has been the originator of several other important Celtic movements, having been the original starter and editor of *The Canadian Scotsman*, the first of the Anglo-Gaelic newspapers, and also the Gaelic magazine, "*The Gael*," *Gu mu fada b'eo mata am Maighistir Fìor Urramach* (R.W.M.) *agus c'eo as a thaigh*—may he long live to preside over the destinies of the Gael, and originate new Gaelic ideas. It is quite possible that Bro. Nicolson, who is known to be somewhat of a Gaelic enthusiast, on having discovered that Freemasonry existed since the building of Solomon's Temple, thought of giving his beloved mother tongue an indefinite long lease of life by introducing it into so ancient and honourable an institution, which is likely to live for thousands of years to come. Freemasonry may perhaps be peculiarly fitted to concentrate and keep alive the Celtic fire. And is it too much to wish that this may not be the last we may hear of "Gael" Lodges? Should there not be one in Inverness and Edinburgh, seeing that the Gael has ordained two good apostles for those places already? The success of the Glasgow Gael Lodge augurs well for such a movement—the application for charter being one of the largest signed and most influential ever presented to the Grand Lodge. It was signed by over fifty Master Masons, the greater portion of them from among the most wealthy and influential Highlanders of Glasgow. Thus allowing the Lodge to commence with a membership of fifty, as all the applicants came in as Charter members, and since the Lodge was started we are informed it has about forty new candidates on the roll—twelve of whom have already been initiated.—*Scottish Freemason.*

THE PROPHECIES OF THE BRAHAN SEER—Coinneach Odhar Fiosaiche.—A Second Edition of this curious book is in the press, and will be published in a few days by the Publishers of this Magazine. The first edition was not only printed *verbatim* from the *Celtic Magazine*, but printed from the same types without re-setting, and, consequently, not such a presentable book in typography or appearance as could be wished. With all these drawbacks, however, it went out of print in a few months. The forthcoming issue contains a large number of additional prophecies; is printed in large and clear type, on good paper, crown 8vo.; and bound in neat cloth case, with gilt lettering. The predictions are classified under the respective headings of—Prophecies which might be attributed to natural shrewdness; Doubtful; Unfulfilled; Fulfilled; Partly Fulfilled; The Doom of Seaforth; &c., &c. In addition to this, a valuable Appendix, of about 70 pages, will be given by the Rev. Alexander Macgregor, M.A., on "Highland Superstition, Druids, Fairies, Witchcraft, Second Sight, Hallowe'en, Sacred Wells, and other peculiar Practices and Beliefs, with several curious Instances"; making altogether a neat and handy volume of about 170 pages. For further particulars and Opinions of the Press see second page of cover. Parties wishing to secure copies should apply at once, as a great part of the issue is already subscribed for.

Literature.

AN T-ORANAICHE; OR, THE GAELIC SONGSTER. ARCHIBALD SINCLAIR,
and R. MACGREGOR & Co., Glasgow.

WE have before us Part III. of this excellent publication, and can only say that it is quite up to its predecessors in the quality of its contents and general get-up. We have over one hundred pages of excellently-printed matter, the best value, both as regards quality and quantity, that ever issued from the Gaelic press. We are glad to see so many of Evan MacColl's gems in this part, also a few sweet songs by John Campbell, Ledaig. The Highlander who does not possess the "Oranaiche" alongside "The Beauties of Gaelic Poetry" cannot pretend to be posted up, even fairly, in our Gaelic storehouse of song. Mr Sinclair is earning for himself a reputation such as we are now commemorating in the case of his predecessor in the same field, John Mackenzie, of "Sàr Obair nam Bard." Let us give Mr Sinclair the benefit during his life by buying his excellent book, and so at the same time encourage similar exploits by others in the field of Celtic literature. After all, this is the most sensible and most useful way of testifying our appreciation of good work. This can unhesitatingly be called such, and all for one shilling and sixpence. We may, however, point out an error on page 304, where the song, "*Gun Togainn Fonn gu h-Aighearach*" is ascribed to Allan Macdougall, the Glengarry bard. We always understood that the song was composed by Mrs Campbell, Glenelg, better known as "*Bean Dubh Ailein*," who composed several other excellent pieces. A few alterations are made, which are not improvements. Such as in the first stanza, where we have

Turus dhomhsa mach air Chuairt
Thachair mi air Gleann-a-Cuaich,

for

Latha dhomhsa mach air Chuairt
Thachair rium fear Ghlinne-Cuaich.

Again, we have in the second line of the seventh stanza "*fear na croic*" substituted for "*damh na croic*." The following stanza is omitted altogether:—

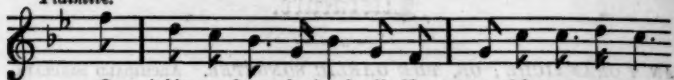
Ohunna mise thu seachad suas,
'S feile preasach ort mun cuairt,
Boinaid gorm os cionn do chluais,
'S gun b' uallach am mac athar thu.

There are several typographical errors, but this can hardly be avoided in a Gaelic publication, while the compositors are ignorant of the language.

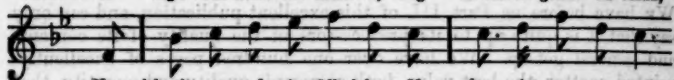
THE sixth annual dinner of the Gaelic Society of Inverness came off on Tuesday evening, the 15th January, under the presidency of that excellent Highlander, Captain MacRa Chisholm, late of the 42d Highlanders, and was a great success. We hope to place one or two of the addresses on record in our next.

NIGHEAN DONN NA BUAILE.

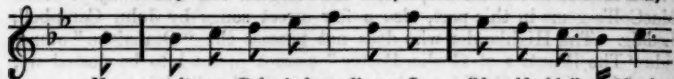
Plaintive.



O 's binn - e leam do chomhradh Na smeor - aich - ean nan geug,
Chorus—A nigh - ean donn na buail - e, Aig 'm beil an gluas - ad reidh,

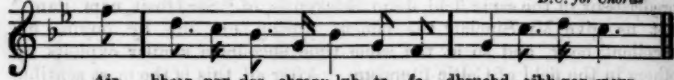


No 'chuth - ag mad - uinn Mhaigh - e, No clar - saich - ean nan teud,
Do chalp - aich - ean deas boidh - each, Troidh chomh - nard nach lub fear,



No cruit an Rob - in bru - dhearg, Le ribh - eid chiuil na bheul,
Do shlios tha mar an fhaoil - ion, Air mad - uinn chiuin ri grein,

D.C. for Chorus



Air bhair nan dos - chrann lub - ta fe dhruichd - aibh nan speur,
Mo thruagh - e mi thug gaol dut, 'S nach fhaod sinn bhi reidh.

KEY B FLAT.

. s | m . r : d . l , | d : l . s , | l . r : r . m | r :-

. s , | d . r : m . f | s : m . r | r . m : s . m | r :-

. d | d . r : m . f | s : m . s | f . m : r . d | r :-

D.C. for Chorus.

. s | m . r : d . l , | d : l . s , | l . : r . m | r :-

Gabh beachd air rian an drobhair

'Tha 'n comhnaidh air an fheill,

'N uair chi e caileag bhoidheach,

A's moran as a deigh—

Bi'dh sid ag arach pois innt'

A's barail mhor dhi-fhein—

'S ro shurasta 'cur gorach,

Mar oil i stoidht i-fhein.

An uair a thig am Maighe

'S na pris fo bhlath gu leir,

Cha'n fhiosrach dhomh co's fearr dhiubh

No 's dacha 'thighinn gu feum;

Ach fuirich mios no dha

'S chi thu pairt dhiubh 'dol an eis,

'S cuid eile 's meas a' fas orr'

A' lubadh barr nan geug.

Comhairl' bheirinn-a' air gill' og

A bhaos beo a me dheigh—

Gun e 'dhol a phosadh

Ri og bheas gun speis,

An uair a gheibh i coir air

A's ordugh bho na chleir

Cha'n fhaod e caint na comhradh

Ri oigh ach i-fhein.

Och ! 's mithich agur dhe m' ghoraich

'S mo threoir air dol an eis,

Oir tha mo cheann air liathadh—

Tha fiacaill a me dheud—

Tha'n Teachdair tighinn ga m' iarraidh,

'S ageul fior e nach dean breug,

O ! 's mithich dhuinn 'bhi striochdadh

Do Dhia a's do'n Eug.

Clad soraigh leis na beanntan

'S na gleanntaichean mu thuath

Far 'n robh mi uair dhe m' sheoghal

'S mi aetrom, mear, gle luath,

A nise bho na phes mi,

'S mi 'n diugh na m' bhroinean truagh—

Mo chuithirionn bho la m' oige

Mar sheoldairean a' chusain.

NOTE.—I took down the above words and air from the singing of a little boy in Lochbroom. The air is one of the sweetest of our Highland melodies, and is popular in different parts of the country. The words, I am informed, are the composition of Donald Fraser, who was at one time forester at Fannich, on the Dundonnell Estate. Fraser composed many songs, some of which are of more than ordinary merit. The above song is given exactly as I got it, but I am inclined to think that it is not exactly as the Bard left it.—W. M'K.